

THE PARKS AND OPEN SPACES OF LONDON (Illustrated).

THE AZALEA GARDEN (Illustrated). By Gertrude Jekyll.

# COUNTRY LIFE

TAVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

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## The Emigrant as He Is

EVERYBODY interested in the emigration of the surplus population of this country to the United States should read the Report written by Sir Auckland Geddes at the invitation of the United States Secretary for Labour. Sir Auckland visited the Ellis Island Immigration Station at New York on December 28th, 1922, and his Report to Lord Curzon describes the methods of dealing with those who are unfortunate enough to be exiled from their own country. The British Ambassador, who will not be accused of sentimentality or squeamishness, describes the state of affairs in terms that cannot fail to touch the people of this country with a sense of pity. He was obviously anxious to do full justice to the system adopted by the United States as far as it was worthy of praise: for instance, he described the hospital arrangements as very good, and the supply of food appeared to be ample. Special consideration was extended to those immigrants who happened to be of Jewish nationality, so that they might be able to comply with the dietary imposed by their religion. He also reported that the arrangements for handling admitted immigrants are efficient and reflect high credit on those concerned. They are, in fact, a very good example of American business administration. So far, so good; but the comments on the inadequate accommodation and ventilation and the faulty sanitary arrangements are by no means so satisfactory. Sir Auckland reports that there was "in many corners impacted greasy dirt that it was possible to say with certainty had been there for many days, if not weeks or months." "As a result of the presence of chronic dirt, the buildings are pervaded by a flat, stale smell" which "is quite distinct from the pungent odour of unwashed humanity." "The compound smell of old dirt and new immigrants" is almost universal.

The difficulty arises mainly from the fact that the immigrants come from all classes of society. "The highly

educated and gently nurtured" are herded with the "utterly brutalised victim of poverty and oppression in some scarce civilised land." Thus, the washed are kept in close contact with the unwashed and may have to sleep in blankets that have not been sterilised since their use by a person of unclean habits. They cannot be examined medically immediately after undressing, and in the meantime the clothes are piled on racks higgledy-piggledy, those of the washed on the foul clothes of the unwashed. The examining officer has no time to clean his india-rubber gloves after one man, who may be diseased or otherwise personally most unpleasant, before coming to the next. Sir Auckland points out that the rooms set aside for these medical examinations were not designed to provide facilities for the examination now required by the law. Previous to this he had observed that many of the immigrants are innocent of the most rudimentary understanding of the word "clean," and use the floor of the dining-room "as a universal slop-bowl and refuse-can," to say nothing of giving evidence of repulsive personal habits at other times.

It is a terrible picture even if there were not more of it, but the Ambassador goes on to relate that the system of pens, locked doors and cages for sleeping in, while necessary in view of the habits and behaviour of the unwashed immigrants, was distasteful to the washed. And no wonder! He concluded with a number of suggestions for the amelioration of the lot of the immigrant while awaiting admission, and he would even mitigate the results of the present system of appeal in certain cases to Washington, "the theory of which is probably right," although in practice it is "nothing short of diabolic"; and he suggests with some irony that something might be done to alter "the practice of the United States Consuls in writing to advise the immigration authorities to exclude an applicant to whom they have just had to grant a visa." He adds further irony on "the quaint custom of delivering lectures on Americanization to criminal and other deportees" who, however undesirable they may be, have to share Ellis Island with honest folk on their way to become useful United States citizens." We do not for a moment believe that an appeal such as this would be made in vain to the United States of America. Our cousins have a full share of the humanity that belongs to the Anglo-Saxon race. In all probability the state of things described by our Ambassador is due to certain changes which have been introduced since the war. The number of immigrants to America has far surpassed the accommodation there is for them, and we fully recognise that means had to be adopted to reduce the number. Even a country which might be described as a continent cannot take an unlimited stream of new inhabitants, many of whom have had no experience of earning their living in a country such as America. They are very wise in refusing entry to more than can be, so to speak, digested by the country and made part of the American people. The time has gone past when contact with America made an American. The steps taken, therefore, to diminish the admission of immigrants and to see to it that those admitted are qualified must have led to an interference with machinery that was invented for a very different state of things. It is not for the purpose of blame that we refer to these matters, but in order to draw attention to them, so that expeditious and thorough-going measures may be taken to ameliorate the system and get rid of the blot upon it which have been pointed out by Sir Auckland Geddes.

## Our Frontispiece

THE late Lord Sterndale, for many years known as Sir William Pickford, was born in Manchester in 1849, where, and at Liverpool, he later acquired an outstanding mastery of maritime and commercial law. In 1905 he was leading counsel for Britain at the enquiry into the Dogger Bank incident, and in later years was a recognised authority on international law. In private life a sometime President of the Alpine Club, he was for the last four years Master of the Rolls.

\* \* \* It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



## COUNTRY



## NOTES

THE country is awaiting with considerable anxiety the decision of the Government on the important question as to whether or not Canadian breeding stock is to be admitted to this island. It is very certain that two men so well qualified to give advice as Lord Ailwyn and Lord Bledisloe would not have left the Advisory Committee on Agriculture if they had not taken a very grave view of the possibility of this country being open to the importation of breeding stock. The objection plainly stated is that Great Britain, after infinite care spread over a long series of years, has succeeded in making her pedigree stock the best in the world. There is no advantage to be gained by British herds by the importation of breeding stock from Canada. On the contrary, the breeding of British cattle with Canadian cattle would certainly lead to deterioration in the former. The Canadians, after gaining their point about exporting animals for slaughter to this country, ought to have been content. The pledge given by Lord Ernle on behalf of the country has been redeemed. None of the arguments put forward then would apply to the importation of breeding cattle. The decision, we understand, has been deferred until October, and we hope that the Ministry of Agriculture will be impelled by the force of public opinion as well as their own judgment to reply to the demand in the negative.

THE excellent work accomplished by the National Institute of Agricultural Botany was well exemplified at the annual inspection of the institute's potato trials. The compliment paid by Sir Lawrence Weaver to the value of the results obtained was not more than was due. For example, take the elimination of synonyms from true varieties. The practice of re-naming British Queen, Up-to-date, Arran Chief, Majestic, Duke of York, May Queen, Abundance, Dargill Early and Ninetyfold is most confusing, and it forms a great obstacle to the separation of those subject to wart disease from those that are immune. The records already made afford grounds for hope that the practice of taking advantage of the thirst for novelties will be brought to an end. On the very slightest grounds it was common for a so-called new variety to be placed on the market. Naturally, the best growers are delighted with the skill and thoroughness with which the institute is getting rid of shams. Let us hope its dealing will be equally drastic with the 120 foreign varieties. It is only when we get to the bottom of the matter and the list of potatoes is reduced to such as are real types that the work of selecting the immune varieties can be completed. There is still much to be done, but the institute is to be congratulated on the progress already achieved.

THE pith of the latest interim report issued by the Inter-Departmental Committee on the Prices of Building Materials is an increased output of bricks and a

downward tendency in price, though local shortages, especially in London and the south-east, may send the price up as much as 6s. per thousand. Flettons have come down since January from £3 1s. per thousand to £2 13s. 3d., while the output for June was 38,000,000 as against 33,500,000 in May and 23,000,000 for January. Many kilns, however, are idle, and have been for years; as time goes on, it may be found worth while to reopen them. For pig-iron the July price was 107s. 6d. a ton as against 115s. at the end of June. Common bars and mild steel bars, on the contrary, have risen 20s. to 30s. per ton since January; glass has tended to rise; while the dock strike has sent building timber prices up considerably—3in. by 7in. standards from £22 10s. have risen to £25, 3in. by 11in. and 2in. by 11in. have both gone from £32 10s. to £34, while 3in. by 4in. have risen to £24 from £21. Other materials have tended to come down, and there is no doubt that houses can be built considerably cheaper than a few months ago; but still everything is more than double its pre-war cost.

COMPLAINTS are being made very insistently just now that the grey squirrel is turning out to be a pest in districts at a considerable distance from Regent's Park, from which it has strayed. What is urged against it is that, being a much heavier and fiercer animal than the English red squirrel, it is gradually ousting that favourite from its old haunts, just as the brown rat from Norway ousted the old English black rat. Our grey intruder is not content with a frugal meal of acorns, nuts and other produce of the woodland, but is a predatory visitor to gardens and even cornfields. He is a depredator who delights in ripe fruit, especially cherries, strawberries, gooseberries and the like, and he feeds greedily on growing cereals. Moreover, he is too prolific: the old English squirrel was content with a family of two to four, and littered once a year; but the grey squirrel has three, four or five at a birth and produces several broods in the great drey which is usually built very near the top of a tall fir or other coniferous tree. No doubt, many small birds and small mammals, interesting in themselves, are allowed to increase beyond their limits because a type of sportsman has come into existence who likes what he calls a rough shoot and makes his preference an excuse for not keeping a gamekeeper. In other words, he is content with a good tramp and a little sport if he can save a wage of two pounds a week or so.

## BRIGHTON WAR MEMORIAL.

" High Seas  
North Sea  
Narrow Seas  
Home Seas "—

A guard sent, a watch set by every water door.

" Arctic  
Baltic  
Mediterranean "—

White seas, grey seas, blue seas and sunny shore.

" France and Flanders  
Egypt and Palestine "—

Burning yellow sands or a grim mud floor.

" Mesopotamia  
Russia Italy "—

Eden turned to hell fire, art a Dead Sea store.

" Macedonia  
Dardanelles "—

Living, fighting, dying, where they never were before.

And safe seas, summer seas,  
Laughter, life and holiday . . .

But here they are remembered where they come no more.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

CARDINAL GASPARRI'S warning to Italian bishops and priests to preserve objects of artistic value might be thought by some supererogatory. It is many years since a picture was sold out of an Italian church, and it is rather the restorer than the destroyer who is to be feared.

The cardinal's warning, however, refers more to the lesser treasures of the sacristy and to the wiles of dealers who generously offer to exchange new lamps for old—fresh embroideries, lace and carpets for the ancient threadbare pieces which have served through centuries of obscurity. We see these beautiful objects in shops and drawing-rooms, and even when in museums we catch ourselves wondering how they escaped from their church. There is a difference, perhaps, between art and applied art in such matters. We are thinking of the National Gallery. Those great works were, many of them, bought out of remote churches where the indefatigable Sir Charles Eastlake had unearthed them, before their true value was realised. Fortunately, therefore, we foreigners were able to collect sufficient works of art, before the export was prohibited, to stock our galleries and to bring the gorgeous art of the Renaissance into our grey world. Once possessing all we want, we can heartily commend the cardinal's action. But surely there is that difference between the art which inspires and the applied art which connoisseurs value? A dozen pictures in Trafalgar Square exert more influence in a day than fifty in a year in Apennine fastnesses. But a silver candlestick . . . ? It lights a bridge table instead of an altar.

THE idea of producing a uniform style of English pronunciation by phonetic reproduction of correct speech is incidentally faced with a difficulty by the letters that have appeared in regard to Northumbrian pronunciation. That county, situated in a remote part of England that for long was difficult of access, has maintained an old pronunciation of many words that have changed in sound very much elsewhere. The "h" in white is a case in point. In vulgar parlance the "h" is omitted altogether; "wite" is more than a Cockney form. What is called correct pronunciation is "white," with the "h" coming after the "w"; but in Northumberland the "h" comes first—the word is pronounced "hwite." Students of old English need scarcely be reminded, as they were by a correspondent writing in the *Times*, that that was the old English spelling. Many of the words he quotes are still pronounced in the west of Northumberland as they were written in old English. "Hwaete," for example, is still the name given to wheat; "hwar" is still "where" and "hweol" still "wheel." A greater difficulty still is that what has been esteemed a pure pronunciation by one generation has been changed by that which follows. Such ordinary articles of diet as tea and coffee have been in their day called "tay" and "cōffee." At the present moment there is an affected treatment of the letters "s" and "t" in certain London circles that will probably provoke in a decade or two the same smile with which the Victorian "lithp" is remembered.

THE correspondence in the *Times* about motor accidents, drunkenness and licences will, we hope, bear some useful fruit. But what is most astonishing to us is that there are no more accidents than there are. Such innumerable persons now have "mechanically propelled vehicles," and such fleets of lorries and chars-à-bancs—each of which is a very severe weight to guide—throng the roads, that the instinct of self-preservation alone seems to avert countless deaths. It is all very well to pitch on the learner as culprit in accidents; but the learner is usually far too frightened to be a serious nuisance. Rather, it is the novice who can drive but does not know the rules of the road; a certain type of man in all classes and professions never rises above the novice stage of mental development. He lacks a sense of responsibility, and there is no way, short of prohibition or an invidious distinction on the part of the issuer of a licence, to prevent him being a danger on the road. In 80 per cent. of accidents, though, it is not the driver's fault at all. He is bodily and legally involved, but the cause of it all is only too often a child or old woman or dog—who is unaffected in any way. Consciously or unconsciously causing a motor accident should be an indictable offence. We hope to deal with this very controversial subject at length in our motor pages in a subsequent issue.

THE wonderfully fine weather that set in early in summer is largely responsible for the brilliant success of the cricket season. A larger proportion than usual of the games was played under ideal conditions and on ground that could scarcely be improved. When the thunder and rain came in August it mattered nothing to the main issue of the County Championship. Yorkshire's twenty-first victory settled the Championship. The county undoubtedly owed its success to the excellence of the bowling. Rhodes and Kilner (R.) have been at the top of the bowling averages practically from the beginning of the season. Macaulay and Robinson followed, with Tate between them and the first pair. A remarkable proof of the efficiency of the bowling was that until Hampshire succeeded in scoring 327 no total of 300 had been made against the Tykes. Among the other counties Nottinghamshire must be credited with having made a strong bid for the Championship. It began by keeping pace with Yorkshire and for some time followed that county at no hopeless interval. Surrey and Kent have both produced some very brilliant cricket, but they did not play so consistently as Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire. The bat this year has been less successful in winning matches than the ball.

THE threat to erect a wireless station at Avebury is a senseless and iniquitous proposal. There may have been some shadow of excuse for the proposal with regard to Lulworth Cove, but at Avebury there is none. Avebury is in no way specially suited for a wireless station; it is not particularly high or especially low, while it is the most remarkable monument of its kind in Britain and, probably, in the world. Its age has never been certainly determined; but if any remnant of the far distant past be worthy our respect, that remnant is Avebury: wireless, though a clever invention, is surely out of place in the long vista of the past which it calls up. Satire alone could picture a government with one hand protecting ancient monuments, and with the other utilising them as wireless stations.

#### THE FORLORN ADVENTURER.

I had a comrade, long ago,  
Whose spirit rode the heights with me.  
His love is turned to hate; and so  
I walk Gethsemane.

Thou knowest, Lord, the garden gate;  
Thy Feet, they say, have trod the sward  
Where broken hearts keep watch—and yet  
Thou art not here, O Lord!

But if Thou walkest lilies ways,  
Some other garden, dear and dim,  
Let him be there, to see Thy face,  
As I have prayed for him.

And as the kindlier years unclose,  
Breathe in his heart a thought of me  
Who won for him the thornless rose,  
Peace, and the Cedar tree!

MARY-ADAIR MACDONALD.

ATTENTION has deservedly been drawn to the apparently extravagant manner in which the concrete foundations of roadways are broken up when still far from decayed. The process of destruction is very little cheaper than the necessarily resulting one of laying them down again. They are so strong that pneumatic drills are required to break them up, and before that process is begun it is very difficult to see any flaw in the concrete. Assuredly these undertakings employ a large number of men, but they are hugely expensive, excessively inconvenient, and of highly questionable necessity. At nodal points like Piccadilly Circus, or in such main arteries as Oxford Street, the perpetual vibration does in time disintegrate the concrete. But in the innumerable side streets where this exasperating process is taking place—we are thinking of Park Street, rather a sleepy residential street, we have always considered—where nothing but taxis, private cars and local tradesmen's carts penetrate, the concrete bed is, surely, good enough for a re-floating, instead of being ruthlessly blasted to bits.



# THE OUBOROUGH GREAT DANES

By A. CROXTON SMITH.

FOR some time after the declaration of peace much concern was expressed at the parlous condition into which Great Danes had fallen, the possibility of a revival seeming to be remote. The improvement that has taken place during the last year or two indicates that we were unduly pessimistic, although one has to confess that the recovery is proceeding slowly. None the less, it is satisfactory to know that one hundred and four were registered at the Kennel Club in the first six months of this year, compared with seventy-nine in the corresponding period of 1922. I am not sure that the decline did not date from the death of Dr. Morell Mackenzie, whose enthusiastic propaganda in the Press and by word of mouth never allowed the breed to be overlooked. His advocacy brought new adherents and kept alive the spirit of the old. Whether publicity makes a breed or the success of the breed produces publicity is a matter of debate, though sure it is that the most popular dogs are those that are much written about. Zeal is contagious. Cannot it be said of the majority of men as Prince Henry said of Poins? "It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better than thine." Most people's thoughts keep the roadway in common.

The Great Dane is not singular in having lost ground which is now slowly being regained, all the bigger dogs having exhibited a similar phenomenon. The fact is, during the war and in the first year or two of peace there was a change in the orientation of public taste, which swung round in the direction of the smaller sporting breeds. It has been the day of the terriers, with cocker spaniels coming a good second. Food difficulties brought about the closing down of many kennels devoted to the bigger kinds, and it is only recently that they have been replaced by others. To imagine that the dog of size and dignity has had his day would be entirely erroneous. He will come back again. During the last year or two Great Dane admirers have received an accession of strength in the person of Mr. J. V. Rank of Ouborough Place, Leatherhead, who has erected an excellent range of kennels, admirably suited to their purpose. Without any display of unnecessary extravagance, they are well designed, giving plenty of room and a maximum of fresh air, with well shaded exercising paddocks in which the puppies can romp and play to their hearts' content. He has got together breeding stock that should admit of plenty of variety without pushing inbreeding beyond the necessities of maintaining type. Recognising the need of fresh blood, he has gone to the Continent for a number of dogs and bitches that should be extremely valuable. The imported ones may be known, in the accompanying photographs, by their cropped ears. It is not the cropped ears alone, however, that give an air of distinction to the Continental Danes. They exemplify the best type to the highest degree, and their style and carriage generally cannot



MAGPIE OF ETIVE.



LISA OF OUBOROUGH.



T. Fall.

CHAMPION RUFFLYN TALISMAN.

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THE OUBOROUGH GREAT DANES ENJOY A BRUSH AND RUB DOWN AND RUSH OFF TO THIS BLOCK DIRECTLY THEY COME IN FROM EXERCISE.

fail to be admired. There are, of course, differences in character among the imported ones. Note that grand harlequin bitch, Wanne of Ouborough, whose great stature and immense bone would do justice to a dog, yet she is as agile as a kitten. Contrast her with the fawn dog, Rolf of Ouborough, whose beautiful outline, perfect front and quarters, clean neck and general poise are most pleasing. It would really puzzle one to decide which one would most like to take home. It would not do to labour the dissimilarity between the two, because the harlequins and blacks are different from the others: some have

gone so far as to suggest that they are a different breed. Anyhow, I do not think anyone has yet explained the presence of the white in the "tiger" dog, as he is occasionally called in Germany. The fawn dog will be useful in alliance with brindles, of which Mr. Rank has a fine example in Lisa of Ouborough: she has received two challenge certificates. This bitch is the mother of two handsome eight-months-old brindle puppies of either sex, which are wonderfully well grown and show high promise. The bitch, being the more finished at the present stage, may not develop in the same proportion as her brother,



T. Fall.

AN OUBOROUGH TEAM OF HARLEQUIN DANES: PENNINGTON FLASHER, WHARNCLIFFE DUCHESS, CH. RUFFLYN TALISMAN AND MAGPIE OF ETIVE.

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but it is an awkward age about which to prophesy. Certainly, both are very attractive now.

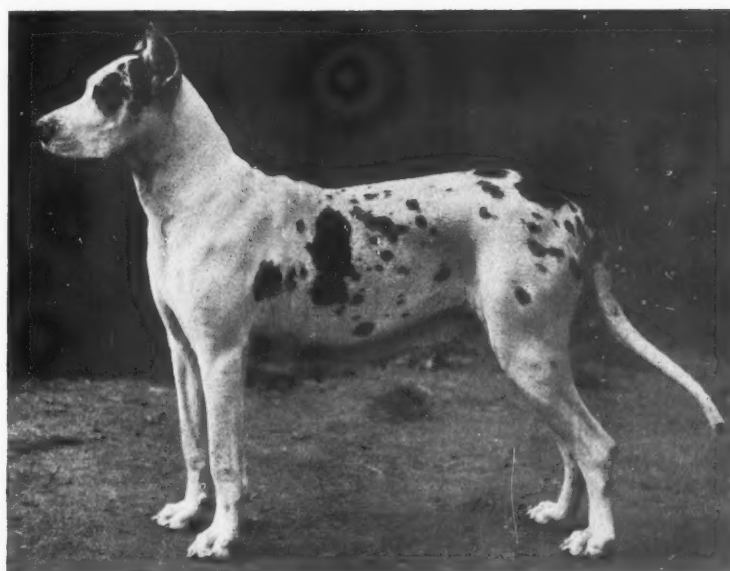
Mr. Rank, who is specialising in harlequins, has not been able to find a harlequin-bred black to suit him, an ideal one that was imported having gone amiss. That doughty old champion, Rufflyn T. Isman, is at Ouborough Place as a sort of pensioner. Tranry of Ouborough, an imported bitch, looks as if she should breed something altogether exceptional if the right mating is hit upon. This is one of the difficulties of breeding from foreign strains, mixing the blood, however good it may be on both sides, being somewhat of a lottery. We have to experiment in order to ascertain what is going to happen. Of the English dogs, Ch. Marcus of Walsall is well known to show-goers. He is delightfully sound and has a lot of character. So is Magpie of Etive. There is not much to choose between



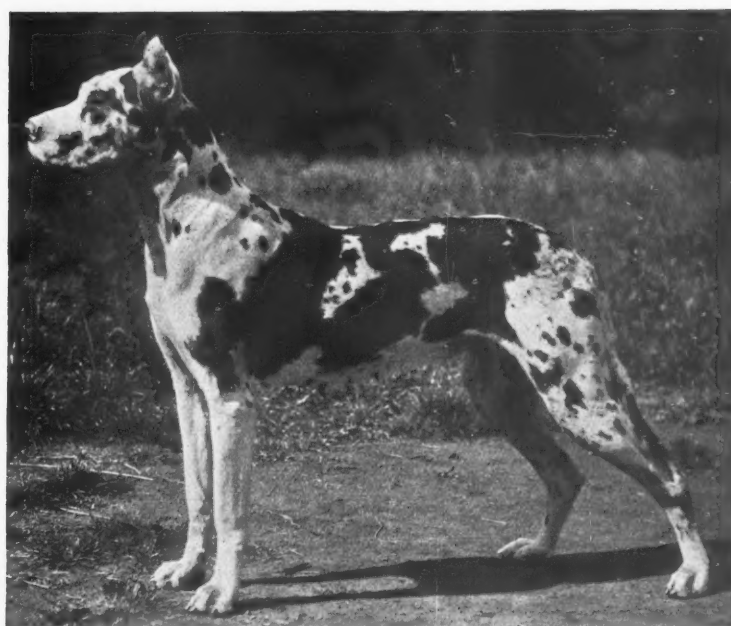
A GREAT DANE'S HEIGHT COMPARED WITH THAT OF A MAN OF 5FT. 10INS.

them. A brace of puppies and Pennington Flasher, introducing different blood, complete the list. He is a dog that can usually win prizes, although, perhaps, not quite the equal of the others mentioned.

Mr. Rank tells me that he has more enquiries for puppies than he can supply from members of the general public, who are once more deciding that Great Danes are desirable companion dogs. Unlike some of the bigger breeds, they combine activity with their size, and they become devoted to their owners. They are really very gentle considering their great power. Those whose recollections carry them back forty years or so will remember that many of the Great Danes of that time were very heavy, coarse dogs; and in comparing them with those of the present day they will not fail to note that quality, rather than mere bulk, now predominates. That there were different races in Germany is clearly established, those in the north being heavier, while those of the south were put together on more elegant lines.



TRANRY OF OUBOROUGH.



WANNE OF OUBOROUGH.



T. Fall.

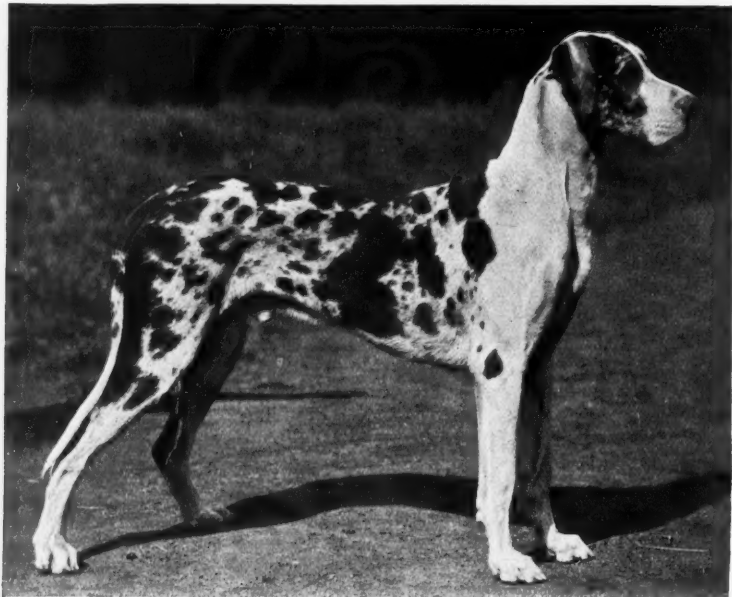
ROLF OF OUBOROUGH.  
(Three imported dogs.)

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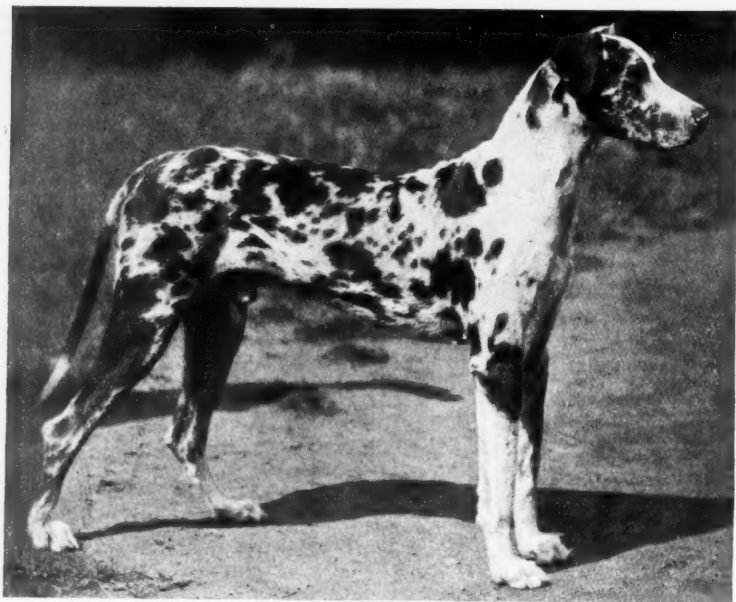


Probably the modern Great Dane is a descendant of the dogs once used extensively on the Continent for hunting. They may be seen in many famous pictures engaged in the chase, but it is doubtful if we were right in speaking of them as the boarhound, this name probably being a corruption of the German *bauerhund*, or farm dog. "Hund" means dog, and not hound, a mistake that we made at one time over the dachshund, or badger dog.

Breeding big dogs will always exercise a fascination over adventurous spirits, because, apart from the question of so combining strains as to produce the desired type in supreme excellence, we have, superimposed, further complications in the shape of rearing. To get great size together with soundness requires judgment in feeding and exercising; an understanding of the foods that will form heavy, sound bone strong enough



MAGPIE OF ETIVE.



T. Fall.

CHAMPION MARCUS OF WALSALL.

to carry considerable weight without bowing. The present generation is more favourably placed than its immediate predecessors, thanks to the investigations of scientists, such as Professor and Mrs. Mellanby, for example, whose researches into the causes of rickets in children have been largely carried out by experiments on dogs. All dog breeders should study the record of these experiments and the conclusions reached, and they should also make themselves familiar, so far as is possible in the light of our present knowledge, with the actions of the vitamins that are essential to the sustenance of life and the growth of the animal frame. It is no longer necessary for animal breeders to follow an unknown road without the aid of signposts to give them guidance, although a good deal still remains to be done.

## THE PARKS AND OPEN SPACES OF LONDON

SO much has been already written about the London parks, and yet so little is known generally both as to how we come to possess such a priceless heritage and also the great part which they have played in the lives of our forefathers, that some information on this subject and also as to how they are now administered may well be of interest to those who frequent them day by day.

The most important parks are, of course, those which, after forming for many years part of the Sovereign's possessions, have now been surrendered by the King for the enjoyment of his subjects, and have become the property of the nation. Such are, in chronological order, Greenwich Park, St. James's and the Green Park, Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens and Regent's Park. These are all within the London area, and cover altogether 1,440 acres. There are also Richmond Park, Bushey Park, Hampton Court Park and Gardens, which together measure 4,144 acres, and these are now so easily accessible from London that they may be considered as belonging to it. There are, therefore, well over five and a half thousand acres, inherited from the crown, of which by far the greater part is available for public use. They are known as Royal Parks and are kept up by means of funds voted annually by Parliament, and are administered by His Majesty's Office of Works at an annual cost of, at present, £170,000.

They are divided into six units, each organised separately under a superintendent, the whole being placed under the charge of an officer who enjoys the ancient title of Bailiff. The superior rank of Ranger, last held by the late Duke of Cambridge, and which has certainly been in existence for 300 years, is now in abeyance. The staff employed is, roughly, 600, and although the occasional purchase of plants, shrubs or trees is, of course, necessary, by far the greater part of the flowers and shrubs used are raised in the nurseries attached to the various parks and are not, as has been supposed by some, supplied from nursery gardens. This accounts for the sometimes slow replacing of shrubs which have suffered from the atmosphere.

Since the funds voted by Parliament are raised by means of taxes, everyone who pays taxes shares to some extent in the cost of the upkeep of these parks, and they are administered with a view to their enjoyment by everyone alike. It is, therefore, impossible to satisfy the continually increasing demand for ground for games; but the authorities, though having constantly to refuse such applications, appear to be ever alive to any opportunity which may occur for giving increased facilities for recreation, and have lately provided additional lawn tennis grounds and football grounds, and more recently 100 acres have been devoted to golf links. These, however, interfere in no way with the claims of the public, being, as in Regent's and Richmond Parks, reclaimed from ground hitherto private, and, so far from causing increased expense, they are actually revenue-producing, thereby saving the taxpayer money.

Next in importance to the Royal parks comes the great chain of parks, mostly in outer London, known as the London County Council Parks. There is no space available to mention more than a few, as the number of them is considerable. The oldest and, perhaps, the most important are Battersea, Victoria and Kennington parks, containing altogether 436 acres. These were, until 1887, Royal parks, though they had never formed part of the actual possessions of the Sovereign, having been only acquired since 1840. They were transferred to the Metropolitan Board of Works in 1887, and are now kept up by the London County Council out of the rates—in common with twenty-two other parks—also such wide open tracts as Hampstead

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Heath, Clapham Common, Woolwich Common, Blackheath Common, Hainault Forest, etc., as well as numerous gardens. Some of these have from time immemorial been either heaths, commons, or forest, but since the middle of last century a great deal has been done in the way of securing for the use of the public any suitable areas as they became available. Some have been either given or bequeathed, others, such as Kingston Vale joining Richmond, and Wimbledon Common, recently purchased; but the constant and inevitable growth of London in every direction makes it a matter of most vital importance to future generations that buildings should not be allowed to cover the whole of the ground.

Certain selected spots should be earmarked and acquired well ahead of building operations, and it is most encouraging to



notice the great amount of interest which has been shown in the acquisition of Kenwood. A no less important matter, on the south side of London, is that of Box Hill, which must be kept out of the hands of the speculative builder. Although, through the instrumentality of the National Trust, a considerable portion of the hill has already been acquired, there still remain 248 acres which are now for sale, and for the purchase of which funds are at this moment urgently required by COUNTRY LIFE, so that it may be secured for ever as a national possession, and possibly as a suburban park of the future.

The County Council parks, being kept up out of the London rates, are naturally regarded more as the recreation grounds of the neighbouring population and, though they each may have their individual character, they are chiefly adapted to local requirements. Thus bands are provided in such spaces as Embankment Gardens; swimming baths, too, are a growing feature—as at Peckham Rye and Highbury. They do not, however, contain anything at all comparable to the dignity of the Royal parks, and the day is, no doubt, far distant when public opinion would favour the conversion of the Royal parks into mere playgrounds for the special enjoyment of those who live near them. None, however, will object to the public putting greens being constructed in parks, which take up little room, and will amply support themselves on "tuppences." The London County Council parks cover an area of 5,111 acres, and a staff of over 1,000 is employed in maintaining them. The annual cost of upkeep is £284,000.

Next in importance come a number of smaller spaces, scarcely to be classified as parks, such as disused burial grounds,

These gardens are now for sale and may soon be covered with buildings, which will, at any rate, abolish their existence; but it is to be hoped that the building line will be kept well back from the pavement, as the loss of any garden, however bad, diminishes the already inadequate supply. Brunswick Square, Russell Square, Bedford Square, Bloomsbury Square, and, no doubt, others could, if handed over to the municipal authorities, be enormously improved by removing the masses of privet and aucubas and other consumptive shrubs, thinning the trees where necessary and treating the ground so that it may be pleasing to those who merely pass by, as well as to those who find leisure to sit or walk in them. Quite apart, however, from any question of public opening, it may be said that most of the squares in London suffer greatly from want of proper attention, and also from being too thickly covered with trees and shrubs. Berkeley Square has been frequently pointed to as the model to which other squares should conform.

It may be mentioned that St. James's Square has recently been taken in hand and remodelled by one of the residents, and the result, now apparent, will, no doubt, have its effect in stimulating a desire in the residents of other squares to go and do likewise. It is too much to expect that, where a square is surrounded by fine dwelling houses the residents should forgo their privileges, but the treatment might be altered with great advantage not only to the thousands who pass by the outside daily, but also to those who live in houses facing the square who now gaze chiefly at privet hedges and overgrown lilacs, whereas they might look with greater pleasure into vistas of grass, with the shadows of trees crossing them. As Sir Francis Bacon says,



THE LAKE IN ST. JAMES'S PARK WITH DUCK ISLAND WHERE CHARLES II HAD HIS DECOY.

squares and other gardens, which are mostly kept up by the various city or borough councils out of the rates raised by them. These are of enormous value to the local population, who would otherwise have no easy means of escape from the squalid streets in which they live. Little known as are such spots as Avondale Park, near Shepherd's Bush, it is to those who live near it "The Park," and, although its size is little more than 4 acres, the amount of pleasure which it affords so old and young is out of all proportion to the small expense involved. The treatment of nearly all the open spaces maintained by the councils is with the same object in view, namely, to afford rest and recreation for those who live in the neighbourhood.

We now come to the gardens and squares, which are not under the management of the councils, but are still regarded as private, and for the sole use of those living immediately facing them, who provide the funds necessary to maintain them and possess keys to admit them to the grounds. In a few cases, such as Lincoln's Inn Fields, Leicester Square and Red Lion Square, the public have now been given use of them; but there are many squares and gardens—more especially in the west central district—where the houses which were formerly occupied by wealthy residents are now used either as offices, institutions or boarding establishments, and which are much in want of better treatment. What could be more depressing, for instance, to anyone arriving at Euston, possibly from America or some far-off land, than the appearance presented by Endsleigh Gardens, which faces the station?

"Nothing is more pleasant to the eye than green grass kept finely shorn."

It is not generally known that the City Corporation owns some 6,500 acres outside London, including Burnham Beeches, Epping Forest and Highgate Woods, and, although not actually within the London area, these now form one of its most valuable possessions, and in the future, as London expands, will acquire even greater importance.

It will be seen that, apart from the squares and gardens, which must occupy a large area, three separate bodies control between them over 17,000 acres of parks and open spaces, which are available for all who choose to visit them. In addition, however, there exists a very large number of private gardens, some of considerable size and some of great age, to which the ordinary mortal is denied access. Such are the gardens of the Inner and Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, Gray's Inn, each with a history of its own going back to the Middle Ages. The Foundling Hospital (1740), the Grey Coat School (1698), the Abbey Gardens, Chelsea Hospital Grounds, the Physic Garden (1673), the gardens of Lambeth and Fulham Palaces, as well as those of Buckingham Palace and Holland House.

Even these serve the purpose of increasing the proportion of fresh air in congested areas. Haphazard though London's open spaces may be, they are of incalculable value to a fifth of the population of Great Britain. We owe them to the foresight of our kings and ancestors, and it is equally the duty of the present generation to ensure that London of the future is no worse off in this respect.

## AUGUST AT ST. ANDREWS

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

THOSE fortunate people who are going to St. Andrews in September (I, alas! am this year only an August pilgrim) will be glad to know that the old course is awaiting them in admirable order. The local wise men tell me that the course has had one bit of luck. There was rain at the time of the Glasgow holidays at the end of July. That is the time when the course has the hardest work, when most gaping wounds are made—and left—in the turf. The kindly rain did something to heal the wounds and something to prevent them by keeping the holiday-makers within doors. At any rate, the course last week, when I was there, was quite beautiful. Towards the middle of the week the greens, though perfectly true, were beginning to get very "kittle," with that glazed look which means trouble for those who have not a delicate touch of their putters. To "go for" a 6yd. putt was to slip 6ft. past. Then there came a night of heavy rain, and once more the greens were of a comfortable pace, which made putting as easy as it ever can be.

The course was not at its fullest stretch and, with the turf hard and fast, the fours were easy to get and everybody did scores which made him imagine himself a better golfer than he really was. There is but one slight flaw at the present moment, and that is the state of ground in the long valley that leads to the fifth hole. Here sand has, of necessity, been liberally used to fill up the hundreds of divot marks, and one may get rather a bad lie just when one particularly wants a good one in order to go for home and glory with a full brassy shot. But, even so, either I was very lucky or else the ground is much better than it looks, for, generally speaking, one got a lie that was good enough if one could hit the ball as it should be hit. Again, one may get into a sandy scrape from the tee shot to the seventh or at the foot of the hills going to the thirteenth, since at both holes there are places where many drives, good, bad and indifferent, are apt to finish; but that is the common lot, and it is but a poor golfer who "grouses" at an occasional scrape. The course, as a whole, is wonderfully fresh and green, and there are no better putting greens anywhere. It is hard to believe that people are tramping and hacking round it day after day and all day.

St. Andrews in August is slightly, but perceptibly, different from St. Andrews in September. For members of the club there are advantages. There is not quite so great a rush for "numbers," and with any sort of luck in the ballot one gets one's two rounds of the Old Course every day and need not be driven to the *pis aller* of the New Course or the Eden. On the

other hand, the number of babies, perambulators and old ladies apparently quite unconscious that golf is played at St. Andrews, appeared to me larger than in September. The slow-moving current of them along the road across the links never ceases. The starter is constantly shouting that magnificent "Fore!" of his—a unique and thunderous sound with no particular consonants in it—and even so it is dangerous work playing the first and last holes, and every time one breathes a little thanksgiving that no charge of manslaughter hangs over one's head. Nobody seems to get hit. And yet, do not let me say that without touching wood. The other day I wrote the very same words in a letter to a golfing friend in America. Having done so, I strolled across in front of the last green and a ball promptly hit me. Luckily, it was propelled by a very mild lady, and left no sting behind it.

It was very pleasant on the last day of my visit to see the familiar figure of Andrew Kirkaldy leaning over the railing by the home green to watch us miss our final putts. Andrew was very ill with pneumonia in the spring and has made but a slow recovery; but he is really on the mend now, we may hope, and says he feels very much better. Let us trust he will be playing again next summer.

Big crowds were watching each day the play in the tournament on the Eden Course, but I must confess that, as I was taking a 'busman's holiday, I did not watch much of the play, preferring to play on the Old Course myself. It always seems a sin and a shame to waste even half a day on any other course when the Old Course is there. Mr. de Montmorency played very well and won very easily. Indeed, nobody ever came near to giving him a game. Mr. John Caven could have done it, but he has not been very well of late and, unfortunately and unexpectedly, after doing a fine 74 in a competition on the day before, he failed to qualify. Mr. George Wilkie, another fine and experienced player, disappeared in the first round, and those who were left, though dangerous and dashing players on their day, had not the qualities to withstand Mr. de Montmorency's remorseless accuracy and straightness. Mr. Smith of Earlsferry, who was his opponent in the final, was thought likely to give him a match, and he is a neat and stylish player, but he wanted a good start to hearten him, and did not get it. A bunker at the second and a very short putt missed at the third settled him once and for all; and Mr. de Montmorency, going along with fine, steady, powerful golf, had him beaten all the time. In fact, the winner only lost two holes all told in his last two matches. There was no doubt in the world that the right man won that tournament.

## HUNTING ON THE ISLANDS OF THE UBANGUI RIVER.—II

BY W. D. M. BELL.

SOME queer tribes inhabit the banks of the Ubangui. The Banziri live entirely by fishing and canoe transport. They are an immoral lot, too, for they make a practice of selling their girls to the highest bidder for a time, after which the girl returns to her tribe and marries. The girls themselves seem rather to look forward to this temporary freedom. There is also a certain amount of traffic in slaves from one bank to the other.

As regards the sport on this river, this is not of a very high order as far as variety goes—that is, for an African river. Elephant are the chief game animals, inhabiting both the dense forest-clad banks and also the high elephant-grass country. On some of the larger islands buffalo are met with, as well as elephant, bongo and bush pig. Being otherwise deserted, they are delightful spots in the dry season.

As the islands are long and narrow, I conceived the idea of driving elephant, and determined to try it. With this purpose in view, I visited a group of native villages and, after the usual talking and palavering, I got together a fine lot of young men and boys. They tried hard to persuade me to let them have a rifle or two, as they said the elephants were very bad in the islands. I thought it better, at first, not to let them have one,

although eventually I was compelled to do so. Loading up the catamaran with forty odd beaters we pushed off for one of the largest islands. Other natives followed in their dug-outs. The island we proposed to try was about fifteen miles long, but only half a mile wide at the narrowest part. My plan was to land the beaters at the end nearest to us, steam down a few miles to a narrow part where the bush was less heavy, and to station myself in as clear a position as possible. I was not very hopeful of any elephant coming to the rifle at first, as natives new to driving are always too noisy, and the cunning old elephant almost always break back through them, sometimes with such suddenness and violence as to demoralise them completely. Leaving two of my boys to superintend the drive, I steamed off amid a burst of applause as our boiler blew off steam.

Having the stream with us, I soon reached a narrow part of the island and landed. It was barely 400yds. across, but rather thicker bush than was desirable. Only in one place was there a break in the forest, and here there was a lot of rather high underbrush. This meant that only a very fleeting glimpse of passing elephant would be had, even if any came directly within one's view, which extended perhaps 30yds. on either hand

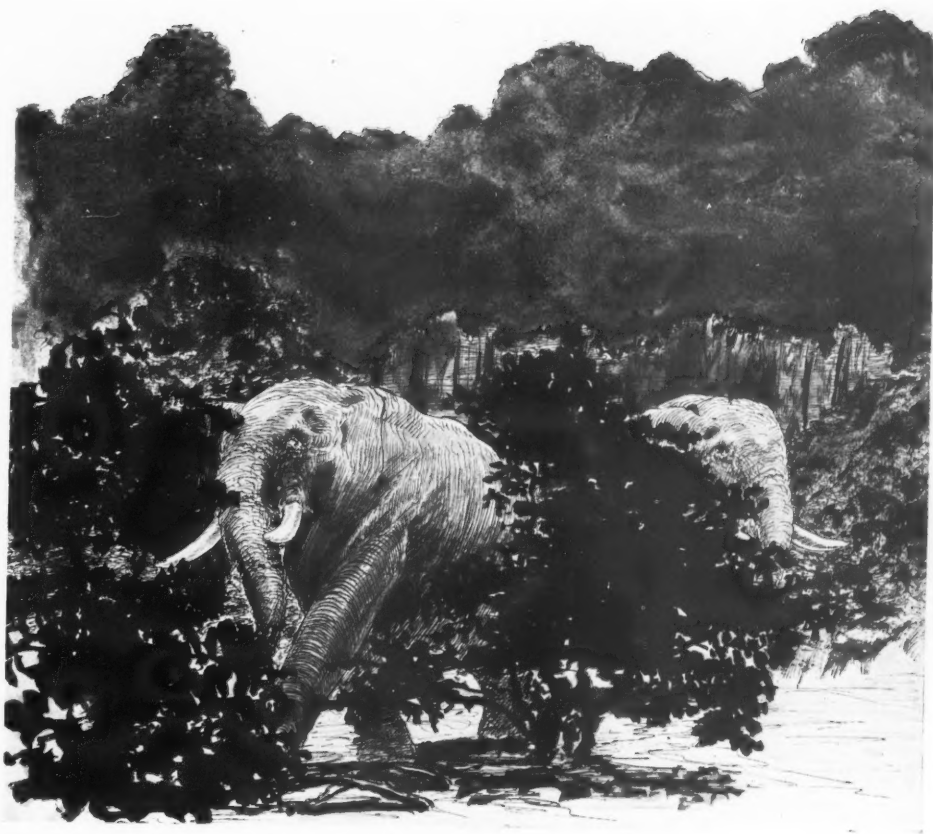


This meant that numbers of elephant might steal quietly by without the rifle being aware of more than a slight rustling.

Choosing as good a stance as the surroundings afforded after dropping the launch down-stream a bit and banking the fire and threatening everyone if any noise were made, I took my position. I sent a boy up a tree which looked as if it gave a fairly extended view; he was to assist me by pointing out the direction of any approaching elephant he might "spot," and then I might have time to get more directly in his path should he happen to be off to one side of my position. One need never enter into long and complicated explanations with Africans on hunting matters; they seem to do the right thing instinctively. We then proceeded to wait and listen, although the beaters were still a long way off.

When elephant come at all they seem bound to come unexpectedly, and one must be always prepared even at the most unlikely moments. It was this that taught me to carry my own rifle and cartridges—always. Now, while waiting, I was keenly alive to the slightest rustling; but my boy in the tree was busy digging for a thorn or a jigger in his foot with a large knife as he sat on a bough 40ft. up. Almost at once a rustling could be heard in front and to one side. I watched the boy while listening hard. No one without previous experience of this game would have connected the slight gentle noises with so ponderous an animal as an elephant. The boy looked towards the sound, craned forward, altered his position, turned, looking down at me and silently pointed. No other sign was necessary. I stole as swiftly and silently as I could so as to intercept the approaching elephant. After going perhaps 100yds. I stopped to listen. Not a sound. He was listening too, maybe within 20yds. Here the bush was very thick indeed. Was he listening for me or for the sounds of the beaters which were probably caught by his huge sound-collecting ears, although quite inaudible to ours? If he were listening to me and I moved, he would be off. The hunter's god was directing me, for I never moved. It seemed interminable. I could not see my boy in the tree. At last a sound and a movement of the bush, and there emerged the low-held forehead of a large bull elephant pushing its way straight towards me only a few paces distant, but so uncannily quiet. I fired on the instant, keeping well above the eyes, eight or nine inches higher than would be correct if the head had been in a more usual position. With the echo of the shot that huge animal lay motionless except for the leg-tremors, which indicated that the brain had been reached.

Hoping that the sound of the shot from my 7mm. would have been swallowed up in the heavy forest and prevented by it from



DRIVEN ELEPHANT.



HIS HEAD AND TRUNK CAME SWIRLING VIOLENTLY THROUGH THE BRANCHES JUST ABOVE ME.



reaching any other approaching elephant, I took up my stance again. We waited and waited. The boy was now all attention. Every time a monkey moved we felt certain it was another elephant. Nothing showed up except some bush pig. They made more row than ten elephants. After some time I began to wonder why no sounds from the beaters could be heard. Could it be possible, I thought, that these people were ideal beaters and knew the game so well? Presently I heard a call from the direction of the steamer and went over to it, looking diligently for signs of any elephant having passed between us and the bank of the river. At one place I thought some tracks I saw were mighty fresh, and, sure enough, the people on the launch had actually seen an elephant glide by quite close to them.

At the launch I met the two boys I had left with the beaters. They explained that they had instructed them to go as quietly as possible and that they had done so until someone had seen an elephant. This man had then started to shout, and then everyone became excited, with the result that some part of the line had become entangled with elephant breaking back. Panic had seized them and they had called the beat off, returning along the banks to where their canoes were tied up. Elephant cannot be driven except by stealthily allowing them to think that they are undiscovered and escaping from people unaware of their presence. They had not heard my shot. We withdrew and camped on an island some way off so as not to disturb the elephant island.

On the following day I cast off the launch and tied up our floating home at a point only a few yards from the dead elephant of the previous day. Here I set the boys to cutting creeper ropes and surrounded the dead elephant with a kind of rough fence. This was necessary in order to prevent the natives from rushing the pile of meat before they had carried out a drive of the other part of the island, which I hoped to induce them to do by the sight of and the promise of the dead elephant. I then steamed up to their villages with the launch alone.

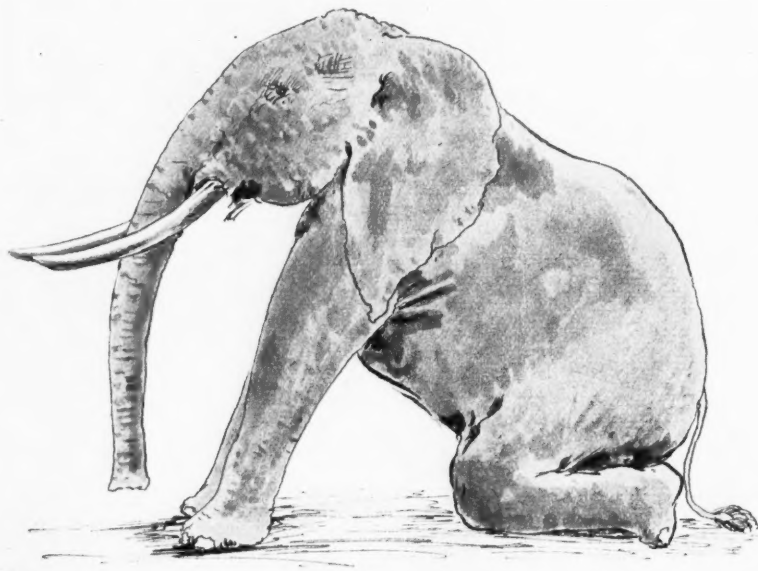
Choosing about twenty of the stoutest-looking men, I explained what had happened yesterday: how that some of their youngsters had spoiled the whole thing by getting frightened, and how I would send a couple of rifles along with them the next time. At first they were not a bit anxious to come. They did not yet know that I had already killed an elephant, as I wished, if possible, to bring off the drive before telling them. However, it was necessary to tell them after all. The news settled it, and I soon had some on board and others in canoes alongside. Rapidly we got under weigh and headed down-stream for the lower end of the island. Soon we had to slow down, as there was fear of filling the canoes with water from our bow wave. But with a good current with us we were not long in covering the length of the island.

At the starting point of the drive I impressed upon the beaters the urgent necessity for silence. I tried to explain that no more noise was necessary than they made on any ordinary travelling through the bush. They could keep in touch with each other in ordinary tones, and above all they were to go slow and not to shout when they saw anything move. I armed my two boys, one with a .22 rook rifle, the other with a spare 7mm. They had orders only to fire in the event of elephant breaking back. Leaving them, I boarded the launch, and with a full head of steam we flew along up-stream almost as fast as we had come down, for we hugged the backwaters in under the

banks, which our shallow draught and lack of awnings allowed us to do. Only occasionally our smoke-stack fouled the overhanging branches.

Reaching our objective—a narrow part of the island—I took up my position just as on the previous day, except that I put two boys in trees this time; but I had some difficulty in finding a position from which I could see both at the same time.

In a short time the boy on my right signalled an approaching elephant. I ran to intercept him, but it was too late to get a shot. All I saw was a shadowy stern momentarily as the busi-



STANDING BRAIN SHOT: FIRST POSITION.



STANDING BRAIN SHOT: SECOND POSITION.



AFTER THE RUNNING BRAIN SHOT.

closed behind it. I was tempted to follow it, but luckily I did not, for as soon as I had reached my position again I saw from the excited way in which the other boy was pointing that more elephant were about. I made my way where he indicated, and ran almost into a huge bull standing motionless and listening. His head was very much obscured by branches, making a certain shot very doubtful, and I started to step sideways while facing him and at the ready, for he was barely 100 yds. away. I grasped in these few seconds that I was face to face with a real monster

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His grizzly and mossy-looking head was so massive as to make his huge tusks look quite ordinary. Barely had I put foot to ground when he was upon me. I had been looking for this very move on his part and thought I was prepared for it, and yet, he was, as I say, almost upon me before my feeble little rifle went off in his face. I missed the brain—by a foot or so. As he trod down a fair-sized tree it met me and pushed me violently aside; it moved me quicker out of the way than I could have moved myself. This was fortunate, because when you trust to your rifle, as I did in those days, and for any reason the shot does not come off, you are very liable to find yourself in a mess. I came violently against something, still facing the elephant, only the top of his back being visible over the branches of the prostrated tree. He was listening again, and as I moved to get another shot his head and trunk came swishing violently through the branches just above me. I let fly a very hurried shot, well below the eye. I found afterwards this was at the correct angle, for down he came almost beside me. I felt intense relief, for if this shot had not come off I would have become quite demoralised. No one who has not experienced it can imagine the lightning speed and force of these old gentry of the forest. In open country elephant are quite at the mercy of the rifle; but in the stuff I am describing the chances are sometimes uncomfortably equal. I was proud of my last shot, and soon found excuses for my previous miss by explaining—to my own satisfaction, at least—that I had been obliged to poke my rifle at him through the intervening branches. I was pleased with my successful shot, as it was a shot at the brain from an unusual angle—thank goodness!—and there had been no time

to calculate where to hit him. I had shot for the brain without regard to the position of the leading marks of the exterior—a thing I have always tried to do, but not always with success.

This little *mêlée* had, of course, rather disturbed the forest. But it had not lasted long, and the beaters must still have been a long way off. They did not, in fact, hear either of the shots, but they must have been heard by the elephants, for no more came our way. Some probably passed us at some distance, as here the island was about three-quarters of a mile broad. However, I was quite pleased with the tusks—they weighed 121lb. and 116lb. respectively, besides being of enormous girth. They were later classed by an expert as being wide enough for a good carving of the Crucifixion to be made from the solid; this fact, according to trade circles, gives very thick tusks a peculiar value in Roman Catholic countries.

I turned the meat over to the natives, of course, and there were soon the usual lively scenes. All were delighted with our first drive and promised to assist again whenever I wanted them.

Later I intended to cut some sort of rides or clearings through some of the islands, but the war broke out and prevented this scheme from maturing.

In the thick forest country I have been describing the brain shot is the most satisfactory. Sometimes, when a motionless elephant is killed instantaneously, it drops behind, but remains erect in front for some seconds. It may then come to its front knees or topple over sideways. This is satisfactory enough to the hunter, but the shot that really elates is the brain-shot on a fast-running elephant. Down he comes crash—sometimes with such force as to loosen his tusks in their sockets.

## DRIED CROWS

*A mon ami, PAUL DESJARDINS.*

Have you been a-marketing,  
A-marketing in Marrakesh,  
Marvel of the Moorish lands?  
There, above an orchard-ring,  
Towering Atlas, snowy-fresh,  
Dazzles all the desert sands . . .  
Nowhere, in the extent of space,  
Is a merrier market place.

There they sell a thousand wares;  
Tents, embroideries, Arab mares,  
Caftans, candles, tambourines,  
Pigeons netted in a mesh,  
Locusts, dried or fried, and beans,  
Roses, pride of Marrakesh!  
But, whatever else they sell,  
Surely they will vend as well—  
Hung in garlands, strung in rows,—  
Dead crows—  
Dried crows!

Pluto's haddock, they appear,  
Flat and tann'd and lean and sere,  
Split, without an ounce of flesh:  
"Are such things a dainty here,  
In this town of Marrakesh?  
Do they eat 'em roast or fried?"  
So one asked the Moorish guide,  
(Solemn, Oriental-eyed,  
European-jacketed),  
"Powers of Allah! No!" he said,  
"Dessicated crows are sold—  
To prevent one's growing old!

"Beauty, courage, speed and power,  
Are the lion's—the eagle's—dower;  
To the croaking crow uncouth  
Allah gave the gift of youth.  
Crows that count a hundred springs  
Spread as strong and sable wings,  
Rise as high and see as clear  
As yon crowlet, born this year,  
So our crows we dry and dress,  
Closely to our hearts we press,  
Neath the shirt and next the skin:  
Plaster, balm, of youthfulness—  
May their virtue sink within!"

Well! In medicine, no one knows!

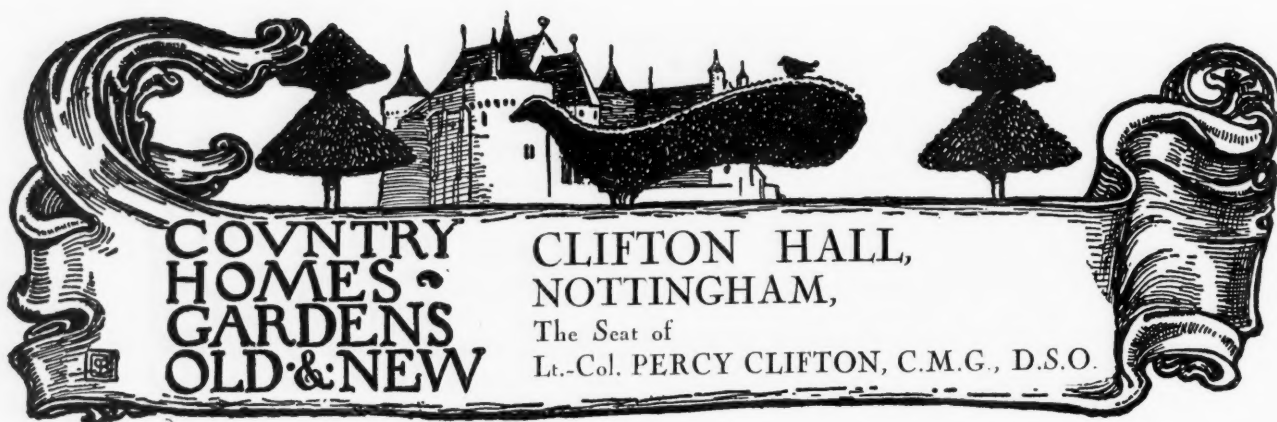
Last year's lie is truth to-day,  
Thus to absorb the youth of crows  
May be sovereign . . . who shall say?  
. . . In our occidental tribe,  
Crows, as yet, are not in use;  
There our wisest heads prescribe  
Curdled milk or orange juice.  
Youth by every means we need—  
Youth is what we all require,  
Dearer, as we run to seed,  
The universal heart's desire  
Which our prophets promise, here,  
Or (at worst) in a higher sphere!

Only, Friend, let's look beyond!  
Mortals, be they bronzed or blond,  
When the heart's desire's in question,  
Are obedient to suggestion;  
Mortals, be they fair or dark,  
Reason more than they remark . . .  
Theory has a siren voice  
Bids the hoping heart rejoice,  
While experience ponders, mute . . .  
Know the tree, Sir, by its fruit!  
Have you noticed yet, in truth,  
Any who renewed his youth  
Among all the Moors that go  
Spine and sternum cased in crow?  
Any stature, supple, straight,  
That was bent and lame of late?  
Eyes of liquid light, and hair  
Rippling, that were blind or bare?  
Give me, O Moor, a proof, and here  
I'll make your crows my scapular?  
Have you seen them, those that are  
Regenerate and young?

A tear  
Dimmed those orbs of pearl and jet,  
As the Moor replied. "Not yet!"

Live or dead, no crow that caws  
Changes much in Nature's laws.

MARY DUCLAUX.



Now, now, my solitary way I bend  
Where solemn groves in awful state impend,  
And cliffs that boldly rise above the plain,  
Bespeak, blest Clifton! thy sublime domain.

IN such a spirit did some of the inhabitants of Nottingham use to frequent the avenue, two miles in length, that leads from Clifton, above the Trent, towards the city. Yet, alas! not all. The melancholy Kirke White, from whose apostrophe on the Grove the above lines are taken, goes on to describe the use put by others to the solemn evening hours which he consecrated to the Grove:

The pale mechanic leaves the labouring loom,  
The air-pent hold, the pestilential room,  
And rushes out impatient to begin  
The stated course of customary sin.

The stately approach to Clifton with which he beguiled himself, but which is now disused, is more fully described as it was in the eighteenth century by Mrs. Montague, writing to Lord Lyttelton:

On my way to Nottingham I went to see Sir Robert Clifton's, which appears to me for beauty of prospect equal to any place I ever saw. You are led to it from the Turnpike road by a fine terrass on the side of the Trent. From a pavilion in the garden you see the Town and County of Nottingham, the most smiling valley imaginable.

Built on the edge of an escarpment above the river, as is Nottingham Castle, the house and village took their name from a natural feature which has never failed to impress the visitor. Seen from the river, however, the view is disappointing, as

Throsby confessed when he visited it in 1797. It appears, he said, "if detached from every other consideration, plain and inelegant. It gives you the back part of the house, which corresponds little to the delightful scenery round it. But what a situation for a castle or a temple-form of magnitude!" He would like to have seen Wollaton, which lies a mile or so away across the river, or Nuthall, the other side of Nottingham, on the same site.

He came just too late. He was informed that the house had been for twelve years rebuilding—though twenty-seven would be a more accurate estimate—in the course of which the last vestiges of the mediæval castle of the Clifton's disappeared. For Thoroton gives an engraving by Hollar of 1676 which shows a considerable tower rising on the site of the present office wing, to which a gabled edifice of the early seventeenth century had been attached and parts of which still remain, adapted into a Georgian house by Carr of York during the years 1779-97. Throsby's assertion that the alterations were "occasioned by the death of the owner's amiable consort" in 1780 is, however, disproved by the existence of bills from Carr dated 1779.

The existing house contains late Georgian and mid-eighteenth century work, some of Charles II's time, and some remarkable work of Charles I date. Thorpe, moreover, had a plan of "Sir Jarvis Clifton's house" among his drawings, while two by Smithson for stables and lodges, dated 1632, have recently been discovered among the drawings in the possession of Mrs. Coke, by whose kind permission they are here reproduced. And as Hollar's print bears little resemblance to what

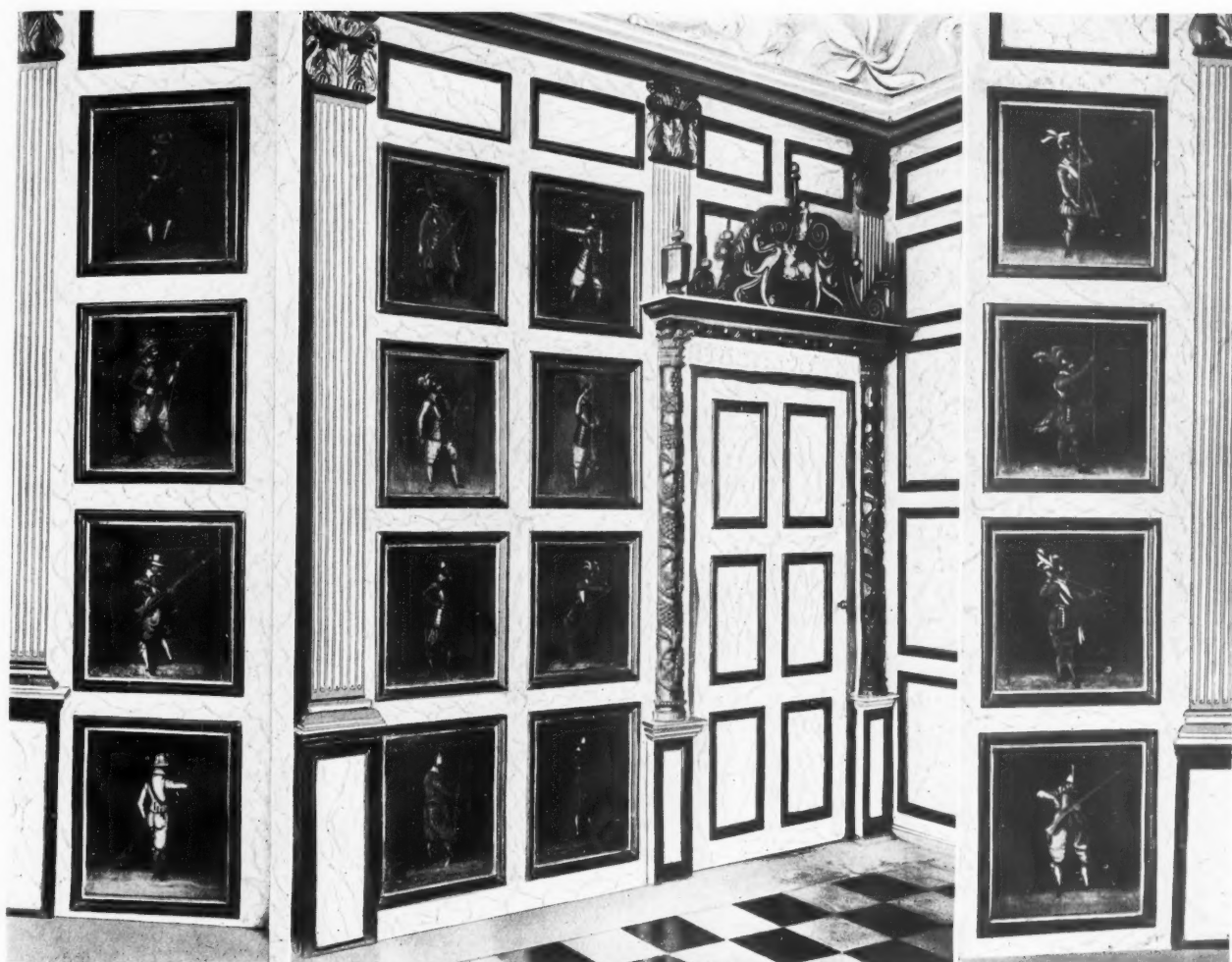


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1.—THE ENTRANCE FRONT, AS REMODELLED BY CARR OF YORK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





2.—DETAILS OF PIKE, HALBERD AND MUSKET MANUAL: DUTCH, FIRST HALF 17TH CENTURY



Copyright.

3.—THE PAINTED ROOM: DECORATED *CIRCA* 1632; THE DOOR EARLIER.

"C.L."

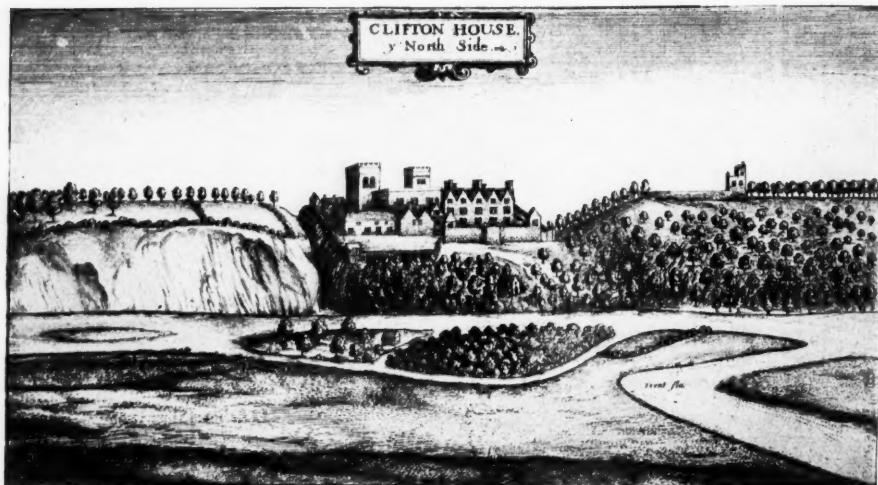
Thorpe seems to have designed, we have altogether a very confusing problem if we try to unravel the house's history.

Clifton has the remarkable glory of having continued in the same family who received it at the Conquest and to whom it gave their name; though sixty years ago the male line was buried in the magnificent funeral of Sir Robert Jukes Clifton, and for a time the house became the property of his nephew, Sir Hervey Bruce, whose son and successor, not long ago, reverted to the splendid name that has for so many centuries been bound up with Clifton.

In the days of Peveril of the Peak—the illegitimate son of William the Conqueror, not Sir Walter's later hero—Alveredus or Alvared was warden of Nottingham Castle under Peveril, and is described as "de Clifton," which fief he may be presumed to have received from Peveril in the room of Gode the Countess, who possessed it in Edward the Confessor's time. On the fall of the Peverils, at the accession of Henry II, Nottingham Castle was granted to Gerard de Rodes, from whom the Cliftons continued to hold their ancestral fief till the early years of John's reign, when a Clifton appears to have secured the manor permanently, though on what tenure is not clear. The times were then out of joint and Nottinghamshire was the scene of John's struggles with Robin Hood in Sherwood, just beyond Nottingham town. In 1294 a Sir Gervase de Clifton was one of the two knights of the Shire summoned to Parliament—a function which the family assiduously fulfilled for many centuries. In the reign of Henry IV a John Clifton was again summoned to Westminster. This man may be said to have founded the family fortunes by his marriage with the heiress of John Cressey, by whom he acquired Hodsock, in the same county—which became an alternative residence of the family—and Belton in Lincolnshire. John was knighted the same year, before Shrewsbury fight, where, however, he met his death.

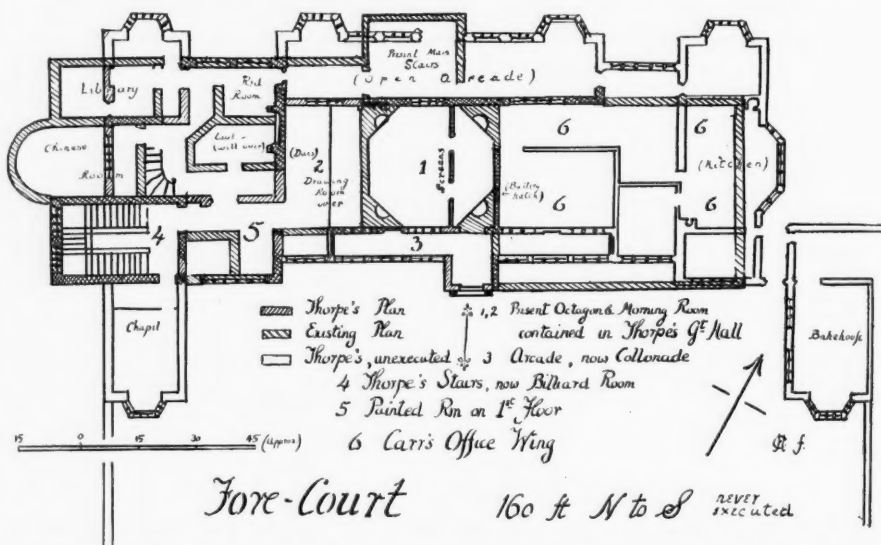


4.—HUNTINGDON SMITHSON'S "PORTER'S LODGE"

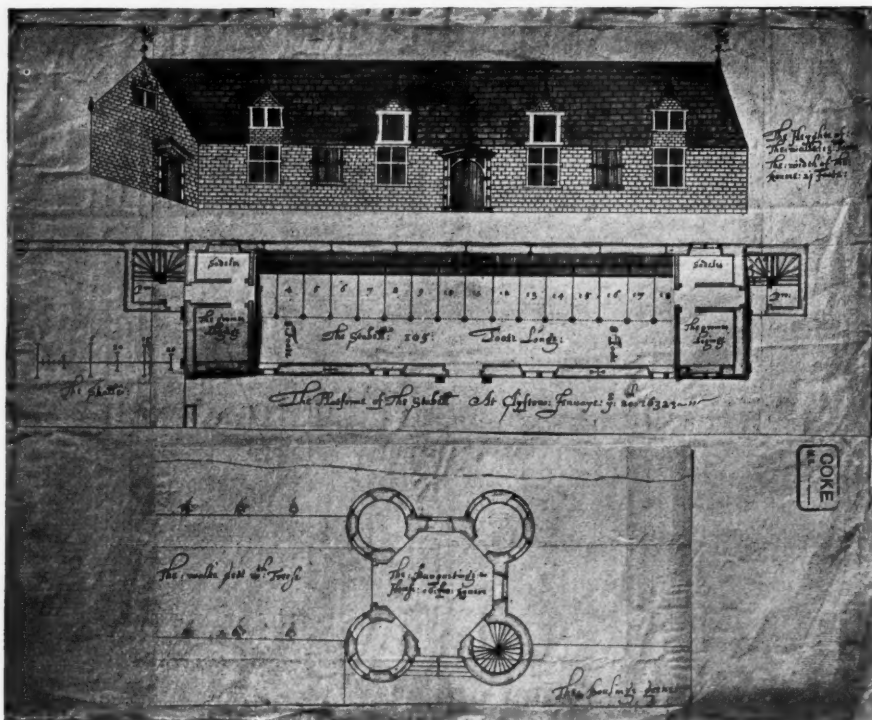


5.—HOLLAR'S VIEW FROM BEYOND THE RIVER. 1676.

The right-hand tower over the house is the church; the other demolished, presumably by Carr.



6.—SKETCH OF THE PRESENT PLAN, SUPERIMPOSED ON THORPE'S PLANS, AS DESIGNED AND AS CONJECTURALLY BUILT. (Omitting all but constructional walls).



7.—JOHN SMITHSON'S DRAWINGS FOR STABLES AND BANQUETING HOUSE. DATED 1632.



During Henry VI's reign a Sir Robert reigned at Clifton who partook of the piety of his sovereign. Thoroton asserts that he married a daughter, though necessarily illegitimate, of the Archbishop of York. He also began to found a college at Clifton of the Holy Trinity for priests, but died before it was complete. His son, Sir Gervase, however, religiously completed the foundation, which, no doubt, involved some additions to the existing church, situated a few yards away from the house. During the Wars of the Roses the Cliftons took a prominent part, some on one side, some on the other. The head of the family, Sir Gervase, seems to have supported the cause of Edward of York. He or his son was much enriched by Richard III and became for a brief period one of the richest men in the county. But Bosworth Field was his doom. Henry Tudor was making straight for Nottingham, which Richard had newly fortified, and Sir Gervase joined the King's levies at Leicester. A ballad describes the setting forth:

Then rode King Richard  
with his staffe,  
His charger white as  
snow;  
And there Sir Gervase  
Clifton was  
With countenance of  
woe.

For Sir John Byron, his intimate friend, was with the Usurper. These two had sworn before separating that he whose side prevailed should use every endeavour to save the house and fortunes of the other. The two met during the battle—for Byron discovered Clifton battered and bleeding upon the ground. He dismounted to his aid, but the Yorkist died in his arms murmuring, "All is over. Remember the oath." To which Sir John replied, "Crede Byron," his motto. Sir John Byron it is satisfactory to record was entirely successful, and Clifton remained with its former possessors.

However, they were impoverished, and Sir Gervase's eldest son entered the Church, becoming Archdeacon of the West Riding of Yorkshire. He, again, appears to have had a son, whom, at the age of one and a half years, he left an orphan in 1518. This boy, in later life, "proved to be a most excellent person, a great authority on peace and war, and was so courteous that he was generally stiled Sir Gervase the Gentle."

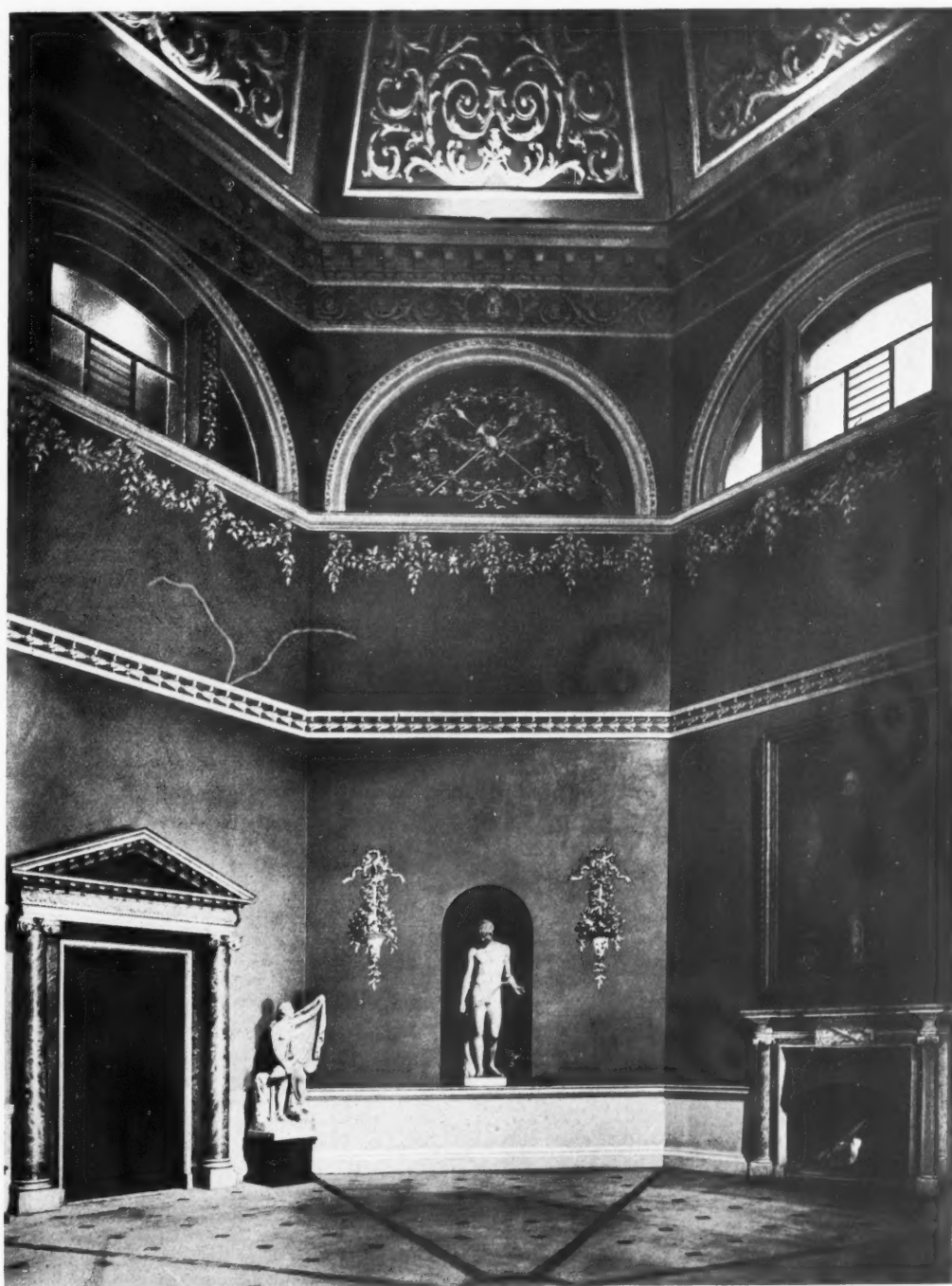
In January, 1587, Sir Thomas Stanhope acquainted Lord Burghley that—

yt had pleased God to call my cosin George Clifton to His mercie, leaving his wyfe great with child. Wherefore I, for the better comforte of the old gentleman (Sir Gervase), my frend and nere kinsman, gave hym advise to be an humble sutor to your Lordship for the Wardship of the child. Whereupon Sir Jarvis told me in short tyme afterwards with great thankfulness and prayse unto your Honor, that you had

vouchsafed unto hym and Sir Anthony Tarold, tother grandfather the preferment thereof.

In the previous December Sir Gervase had written to Sir Anthony Thorold thanking him for his "great cost and charge at the christning"; but in the following January, while Stanhope was writing to Burghley about the wardship of the heir of Clifton, Burghley himself wrote to Thorold acknowledging the receipt of the news of the "deth of Sir Jervaiss Clifton, whoss liff was such as that I now trust he is in God's hands."

The George Clifton referred to was the consumptive son of Sir Gervase the Gentle, and the child, the infant heir he left behind, Sir Gervase the Great. Of him there is a portrait



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8.—THE OCTAGON HALL, SAGE GREEN AND WHITE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Contrived by Carr in the old Thorpe hall; plasterwork by Dugdale.

(Fig. 16) and a long account by Thoroton, who, as a doctor, attended him during his last illness and had known him for many years.

This Gervase (says Thoroton) was certainly more gentle than his grandfather, being generally the most noted person in his time for Courtesy. Very prosperous, beloved of all, he generously, hospitably and charitably entertained all from the King (in 1634) to the meanest beggar. Member of Parliament eight times, he was commissioner for the King at Oxford and Newark, and a husband seven times. 1. Penelope, daughter of the Earl of Warwick; she was mother of the wretched unfortunate Sir Gervase his father's greatest foil. She died 1613 aet 23. 2. Frances, daughter of the Earl of Cumberland, died 1627, aet 33. 3. Mary, daughter of Sir John Egiok, of Worcestershire, died 1630.



9.—THE MORNING ROOM: PANELLED CIRCA 1700; LIGHT GREEN WALLS.



10.—MARBLE AND PLASTER CHIMNEYPiece IN MORNING ROOM. 1730.

4. Isabel, relict of John Hodges, Alderman of London, buried at Clifton 1637. 5. Anne, daughter of Sir Frances South of Lincolnshire, died 1639. 6. Jane Eyr, died 1655. Lastly Alice, daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon.

It is a melancholy chronicle; and after the death of the fourth, at Clifton, Sir Gervase erected a monument in the church to her and her predecessors, in which are fashioned in marble, and as though contained in a recess beneath the tablet, a monstrous assemblage of skulls and bones. However—

His port and hospitality exceeded very many of the Nobility, and his continuance in it most Men, being almost fourscore years lord of this Place. Of a sound body and a cheerful facetious spirit, yet in his latter time timorous so that his last Part was Miracle enough to convert an Atheist, to see his Christianity so far prevail over his Nature. . . . He received from me the certain notice of his approaching Death, as he was wont to do an invitation of good Friends to his own Bowling Green (one of the most pleasant imaginable) and thereupon immediately called for his old chaplain to do the office of Confessor, as if it had been to attend him to that recreation. And when he had done with him, for his children whom Patriarch-like he particularly blessed and admonished, with the Smartness and Ingenuity of an excellent and well studied Orator. The day following he received visits from divers friends, in the old Dining Room near his Bed Chamber, and entertained them after his usual Manner; yet that night (as I easily foretold him) his Sleepiness began.

Then follow some symptoms which Thoroton thought to be peculiar to red-headed men, of whom Sir Gervase was one. A more illuminating account or a more edifying decease is rarely to be found. It paints a vivid picture of the old man; but, though I have perused a large number of his letters, it seems he reserved his "cheerful facetious spirit" for common speech—for they are not particularly entertaining. However, he had many eminent friends: Strafford (his brother-in-law—both having married daughters of the Earl of Cumberland) wrote long and familiar letters. Thomas Hobbes was for a time tutor and travelling companion to the "wretched unfortunate" son, who was later arrested from time to time for breaches of the peace, much to the good old man's disgust; and Sir Henry Wotton. The latter, writing to Sir Edmund



Bacon of Redgrave in 1628, mentions—

That the Noble Sir Gervase Clifton (as in good faith he is *in psis visceribus*) hath lately been here with us (at Eton) at a time when he hath been content to be entertained with the pastimes of children—a Latin and a Greek Hippolitus.

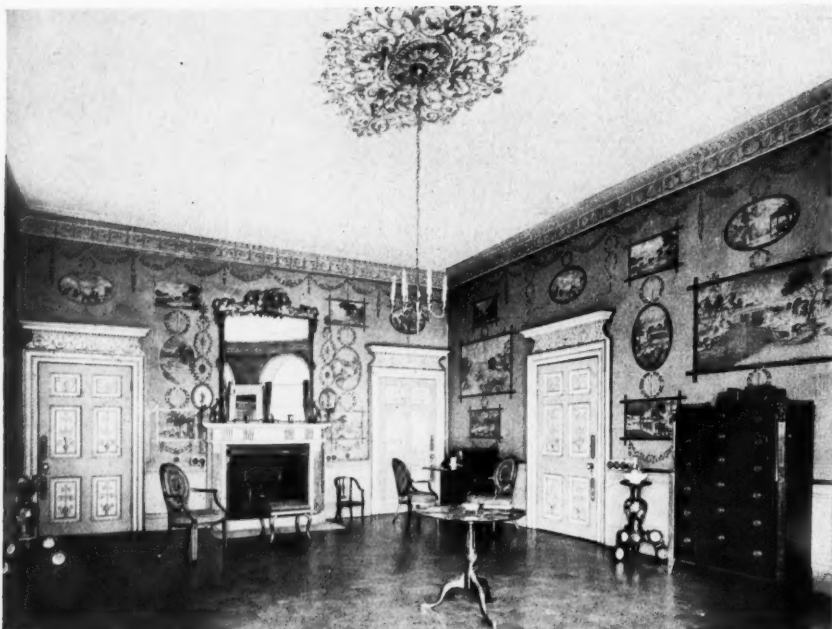
We may now endeavour to see what sort of house Sir Gervase inhabited. Among the Thorpe drawings is a plan for "Sir Jarvis Clifton's house." Now, it is quite certain that this was never wholly executed, though after a careful examination I am not disposed to agree with Mr. Gotch when he says that "there is nothing in the existing house to connect it with this plan of Thorpe's." Nor is it absolutely safe to affirm that, as Sir Gervase was not created a baronet till 1611, the house cannot be earlier than that date, for Sir Gervase the Gentle was a knight, and Thorpe, who was making out designs for Wollaton, may very easily have crossed the river to Clifton as early as 1580. Allowing for the variation generally found between plans of that time and the work executed, there is a remarkable co-extensiveness between the present south-west wing (on the left of Fig. 1), and that shown in the plan; moreover, the Carolean rooms (Figs. 3 and 11) all occur in this portion and nowhere else, while the octagonal hall (Fig. 8), contrived by Carr in 1779, fits exactly into the original great hall. And, again, the not very common colonnade on the south front coincides with an open arcade shown in the plan as far as what was the porch, where Carr's office block juts forward to balance the south-west block. The northern face of the house is much more confused, with drip-courses running along its face in no relation to existing windows. Moreover, Hollar's view seems to show a straight, gabled façade here, much more deducible from existing remains than the projecting bays in Thorpe's plan. It is significant that, on the south front, the only room of which there is no sign, is the projecting chapel—which, as the church is not 50 yds. distant, might well have been dispensed with. Thus, on that side the façade was tolerably unaccidental save for gables and stone quoins which can yet be traced in the brickwork. So, we may suggest, the north façade was also simplified, as shown by Hollar and the existing walls. The east end of the house was clearly never built, as Hollar shows a mediæval tower and huddled outbuildings. Not till the later eighteenth century were these swept away and a block built with which the



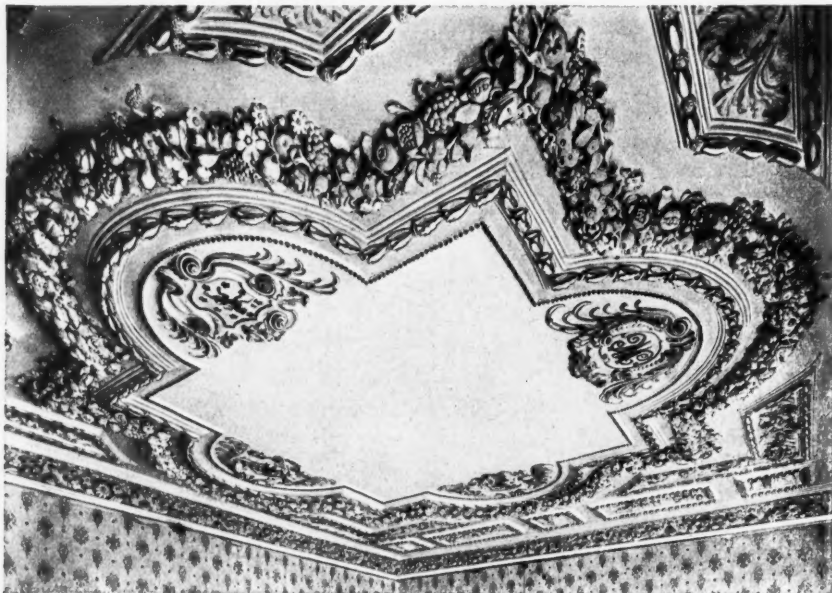
Copyright. 11.—THE DRAWING-ROOM: PANELLLED AND CEILED ABOUT 1632. "C.L."



12.—JOHN SMITHSON'S BLACK AND WHITE MARBLE CHIMNEYPIECE IN THE DRAWING-ROOM. ABOUT 1632.



13.—THE BAY ROOM: CHINESE PAINTINGS STUCK ON BISCUIT PAPER.



14.—SIR WILLIAM CLIFTON'S CEILING. AFTER 1669.



Copyright. 15.—LOOKING OVER THE WINDINGS OF THE TRENT. "C.L."

seventeenth century work was brought into harmony. I have roughly superimposed Carr's on to Thorpe's plan to show how many walls coincide, which indicates that Thorpe's plan was almost indubitably adopted, but very freely adapted.

As to the gate-house and forecourt shown in the original plan but omitted in this one for consideration of space—the court was some 160 feet long by 180 feet broad—Thorpe can scarcely have come to Clifton, as there is no room for such a space. Not only does the church occur more or less on the site of the "gate-house," but a ravine down to the Trent on the east would render a rectangle of such an area impracticable. This is curious, as Thorpe was certainly at Wollaton about 1580.

Suppose Thorpe's house to have been built by Sir Gervase the Gentle between 1580 and 1587, or for his grandson—we have no means of deciding which, though probability tends to incline one to the latter date. There now crop up the Smithson drawings, dated 1632, for a range of stables, a banqueting house for the bowling green, and a porter's lodge (Figs. 4 and 7). None of these is in existence, but in the great drawing-room on the first floor (Fig. 11) we find a chimneypiece equalling, indeed surpassing, the Smithsons' best work at Bolsover (Fig. 12).

Of the four Smithsons, Robert, the earliest, was associated with Thorpe at Wollaton. John, presumably, but by no means certainly, his son, was working from 1604 till 1634 in the neighbourhood of Bolsover, where Huntingdon Smithson, his son, assisted him and carried on his traditions after his death. The second John, the latter's son, died in 1716. Of the two Clifton drawings, the stables and banqueting house are dated 1632 and noted in an earlier type of script than that of "A porter's lodge," which is not dated. Both, however, bear a strong resemblance to work at Bolsover, especially in the detail of the arched doors, where the spandrels are pierced. The Lodge, however, is most likely by Huntingdon Smithson, while his father may be presumed to have made out the stables.

John Smithson I died in 1634, by which time the internal decorations at Bolsover appear to have been complete. There is, therefore, every reason for crediting John with the very remarkable chimneypiece already referred to. As to whether the buildings here designed were ever erected, the probability is that they were. Not only was Sir Gervase much addicted to bowls and very hospitable—which would create a need for a banqueting house on the bowling alley, which can still be traced on the terraces above the house to the west—but by that date he was also married to the widow, probably wealthy, of an alderman of London. Moreover, in 1632 or 1633, he received a visit from Charles I, for which, most likely, he had been eagerly preparing.

It is therefore safe to date the drawing-room chimneypiece 1632. Like John Smithson's Bolsover work, it shows the Flemish influence mixed with purer Italian; but here the Gothic element apparent at Bolsover is absent. The plaster frieze and ceiling in this room are contemporary and are comparable to examples of both at Bolsover. Though the chimneypiece is rather arbitrarily



inserted in the scheme, the details are similar to work in the most exceptional little painted room shown in Figs. 2 and 3, which is a gem of Carolean decoration.

The frieze, modelled with cartouches and figures of the vices of war—Invidia, Gula, Ira, Acedia, Luxuria, Avaritia and Superbia—each a typical monster, is panelled with Dutch paintings illustrating the pike, halberd and musket manual of the time. Over the fireplace is a painting of the Deposition, possibly inserted later, while the floor of black and white squares repeats the black and white scheme of the wainscot. The door, however, is clearly much earlier, probably a survival of the Thorpe decoration. On the same floor is a remarkably fine moulded ceiling (Fig. 14) of Charles II period, bearing the monogram of Sir William Clifton. This would date it after 1669, when his father, Sir Clifford, the heir of Sir Gervase, and friend of Charles Cotton, died. Its date is uncertain, but the work was probably executed soon after his accession. It is remarkable as preserving some of its original colouring, which is rare, though there is little doubt that in many cases such plasterwork was highly coloured.

This Sir William was probably the planter of the famous grove already referred to, at a date when avenues were being planted all over the country. On his death, unmarried, a cousin bearing the family Christian name succeeded, who embarked, in the closing years of the seventeenth century, on a process of changing the aspect of the house. Formerly entered from the south, he constructed a doorway in a projecting bay on the north front, fitted up the morning room (Fig. 9) with bolection panelling and brought a carriage drive round the top of the garden to the west to his new door. Of these latter works, however, only a solitary gate pier in a distant part of the garden remains. He died an old man in 1730, and was succeeded by his son,



16.—SIR GERVASE CLIFTON, BT. (1586-1669).

departure from Carr's ordinary procedure and was probably suggested by Sir Gervase, who seems to have resided much at Bath. The Octagon there might well have given him the idea. Carr's version, however, cannot be said to be architecturally very successful. The doors and chimneypiece, excellent in themselves, bear no relation to any general scheme, while the string-course floats disconsolately half way up and out of touch with the features below and above it. The plasterwork, executed by one James Dugdale in 1779, is delicate, but mainly responsible for this lack of cohesion. By far the most successful of Carr's works was a pavilion above the cliff, some distance from the house and now semi-ruinous. Raised on a vault of four arches, the room there was lighted by four Venetian windows and was surmounted by a domed cupola.

Two admirable little portraits by Philip Reinagle show Sir Gervase and Lady Clifton, who, unfortunately, died in 1780,

Sir Robert, who in 1725 had been created a Knight of the Bath, and most likely inserted the chimneypiece of green marble and plaster in the morning room (Fig. 10). His second wife was a coheir of a Sir J. Lombe, Alderman of London. On his death his son by this marriage, another Sir Gervase, arose, who married the heiress of the Lloyds of Pembrokeshire and proceeded to carry out the last series of alterations to the house.

These, as we have had occasion to mention before, were conducted by Carr of York and involved the conversion of the whole house into an undeniably dull Georgian edifice. But if the result externally is unfortunate, the ingenuity with which that trustworthy architect worked in the Jacobean block and inserted the octagonal hall is admirable.

This latter, occupying the depth of the previous two-storeyed hall and, like it, receiving its light from above, though in this case from four lunettes, was an unusual



17.—SIR GERVASE CLIFTON (1780). BY REINAGLE.



18.—LADY CLIFTON (D. 1780). BY PHILIP REINAGLE.

"of a putrid fever caught on attending her sons." Portraits by Reinagle are not at all common, but this pair (Lady Clifton is in pale blue, Sir Gervase in a scarlet coat) shows how very ill advised Reinagle was, after his apprenticeship with Allan Ramsay, to throw up portraiture for animal and landscape painting. Sir Gervase died in 1815, and was succeeded by his son, Sir Robert, brother to General Arthur Clifton, who fought at Waterloo and has a portrait over the chimney-piece in the Octagon. Sir Robert is responsible for the peculiar decoration of the bay room in Fig. 13, where, on a biscuit-coloured ground, a number of excellent Chinese paintings are framed in painted gold and applied to the wall. The effect is decidedly original. This gentleman was succeeded by his brother "old Sir Jukes" Clifton—"a man of brusque not to say rough manners and in his old age at least something of a bugbear to those not well acquainted with his peculiarities, which included the disfigurement

occasioned by the loss of an eye." However, he was an excellent and hearty landlord and an excessively indulgent parent, giving his son £100 when he set off for Eton. This son was Sir Robert Clifton, brother of the lady who married Sir H. Hervey Bruce. He died full of years and honour in 1868. His life as an M.P. and a squire of the bluff Whig school was fitly terminated, with that of the direct line of the Cliftons of Clifton, in a tremendous funeral in the little church, at which over 20,000 persons were present of every age, rank, profession, party and persuasion.

The present owner, descended from Sir Robert's sister, in 1919 reverted to the name for so many hundreds of years associated with the place, so that, after a brief interval, there are still Cliftons at Clifton. The very fine gardens are not described here, but can be found fully illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE*, Vol. VII.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

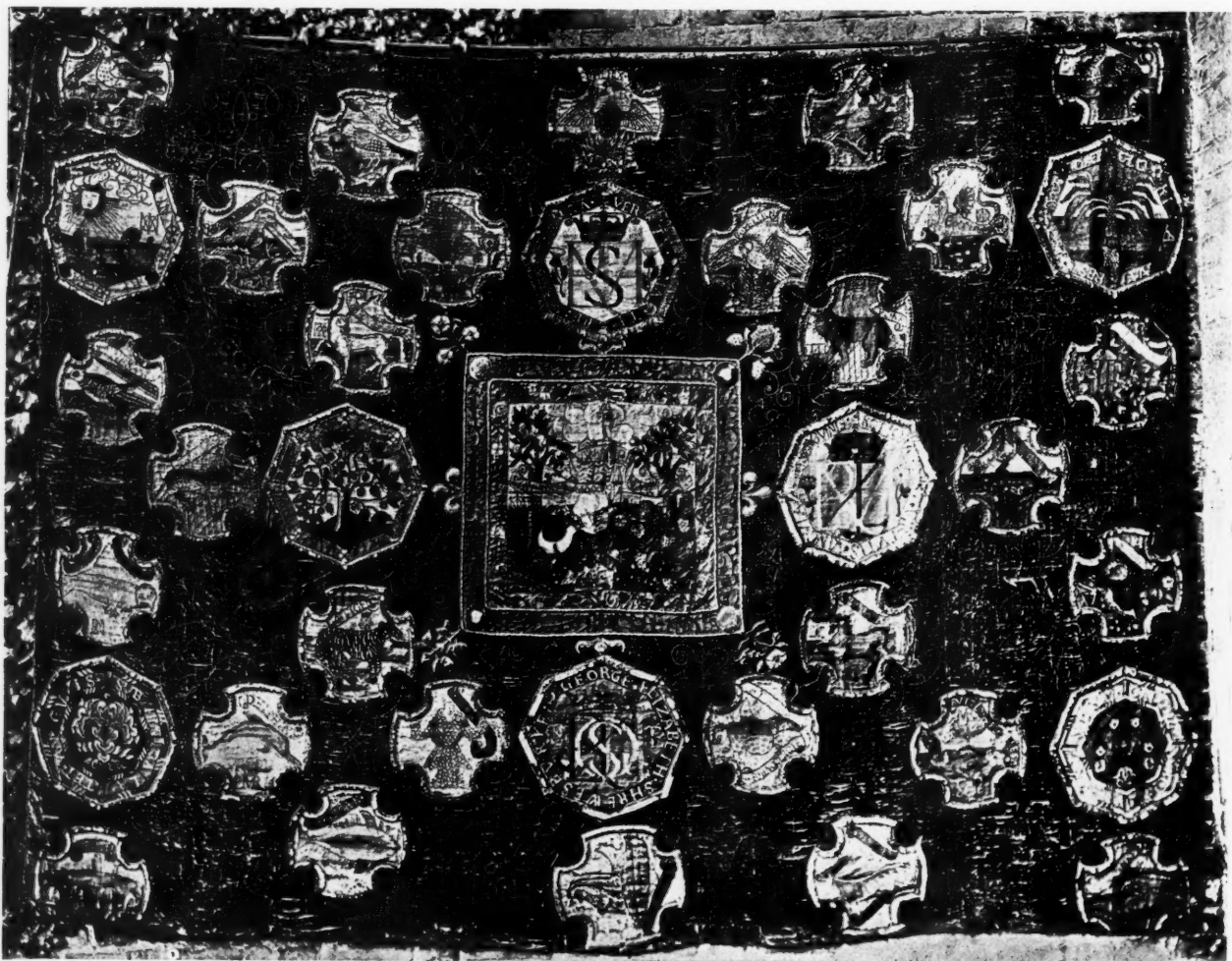
## THE OXBURGH NEEDLEWORK BED

IN the King's room at Oxburgh Hall, Norfolk, the seat of the Bedingfelds since the late fifteenth century, stands a carved oak bedstead, with spirally twisted posts, dated on one of its panels 1675 and bearing the initials A.M. and I.M. The green velvet bed furniture, however, consisting of two curtains, a valance and a large bedspread on which are mounted a number of fine embroidered medallions, is a century earlier than the bed itself and, from its association with Mary Queen of Scots, of historic interest. According to the Bedingfeld tradition, the work was brought from Cowdray in Sussex, the seat of the Brownes, destroyed by fire in 1793, by Mary Browne (who married Sir Richard Bedingfeld of Oxburgh in 1761 and died in 1767), a descendant of Anthony Browne, Lord Montague (1526-1572), "highly esteemed for his great prudence and wisdom," who had close relations with Lord Shrewsbury, the guardian of Mary Queen of Scots.

This year has seen the dispersal of many relics of Mary, whom time does not wither nor custom stale. Many of the pieces from Sir George Clerk's collection come direct to the family of Clerk of Penicuik through Gillies Mowbray, one of the Queen's ladies; in Major Tytler's collection was a watch given

by the Queen the night before her execution to an attendant, Marsie. But these were, after all, but her possessions, and there is added interest in this work of her hand, the needlework that solaced her long captivity.

Lord Shrewsbury received Mary in February, 1569, and he was relieved of his charge in 1584, not before he had been taunted by his wife with making love to his captive. Mary was a skilled and indefatigable needlewoman, and one of her first requests, after the gates of Lochleven had closed upon her was for an embroiderer, "to draw forth such work as she would be occupied about." Among her household she had, in 1560-67, Pierre Oudry, identified by Andrew Lang with P. Oudry, the painter of the Sheffield portrait in 1578, and three other craftsmen. In 1578, we learn, she has an embroiderer in her service whose wife she must not be allowed to see, lest the woman should carry messages to France, and in 1585 at Tutbury, Mary had quarrelled with this unnamed embroiderer and his wife. In 1586 an embroiderer, Charles Plouvard, is named in a list of her household. We hear of her presents of needlework to Queen Elizabeth, and to her supporters, such as the Duke of Norfolk; and when at Tutbury Lord Shrewsbury writes that the "Queen continueth

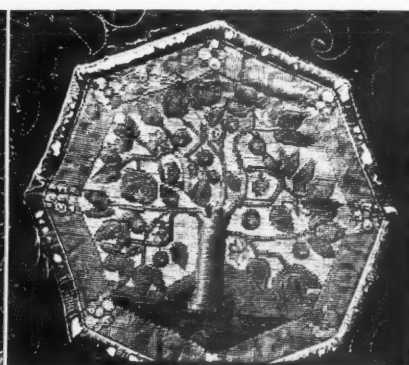


THE BEDSPREAD.





SHAPED PANEL, INSCRIBED "A BYRD OF AMERICA."



OCTAGONAL PANEL.

*Petit point* panels from the bedspread.

daily resort unto his wife's chamber, where with the Lady Levis-ton and Mrs. Seaton she useth to sit working with the needle." Of her long captivity, however, few relics have survived. There is at Hardwick Hall only one piece in that rich collection of Elizabethan needlework which is authenticated by her monogram—a square showing on a trellis of roses and thistles three oval emblematic medallions. The Oxburgh bed furniture is certainly the largest and most important of the survivals, and it seems therefore worth while to study it as a whole.

An examination fully substantiates the Marian authorship. Certain panels are signed M. R.; others bear monograms which indicate that ladies of the house of Cavendish and Talbot were also busied upon them. Further, the work is characteristic in its liberal use of emblems of Mary's taste, for emblem embroidery, which is vouched for by Drummond of Hawthornden's description of the bed of state worked by her with gold and silk with the Impresas of Mary of Lorraine, Henri II, François Ier, and many others. It is perhaps going too far to say that with this key Mary "unlocked her heart," but there is evident reference to her hopes and fears in these simple riddles, to her resignation under trial, her hopefulness. "Sorrows pass and hope abides" is the translation of the legend upon a symbolic centre-piece to which we have not the key. The point of this symbolism was that it was not for the uninitiated. Nicholas White noticed at Tutbury in 1569 Mary's cloth of estate with this sentence embroidered, "*En ma fin est ma commencement*, which is a riddle I understand not" (Strickland, Vol. II, pages 379-84).

The bed hangings may now conveniently be examined separately. The present bedspread (which measures 10ft. by 7ft., and which has rings sewn on it showing that it has been a curtain, though this may not have been its original destination) is mounted with a large square centre and thirty-six smaller panels. The centre-piece is bordered by brocade and by an inner border of floral needlework. The design thus framed is emblematic, showing a hand grasping a sickle and pruning a vine, with the legend *Virescit vulnere virtus* (Virtue flourishes by a wound) upon a scroll. To the right and left are orchard trees, beside one of which is a shield bearing a lion rampant (Scotland), beside the other an interlaced monogram. The legend and *motif* are identical with a "token" given by Mary to the Duke of Norfolk, a cushion "wrought with the Scott's Quene's own Arms, and a Devyse upon it with this sentence, *Virescit Vulnere Virtus*, and a hand with a knyfe cuttyng downe the Vynes, as they use in the Spring Tyme, al which work was made by the Scotts Quenes owne hand" (Murdin, "State Papers," page 50). The monogram is identical with that upon a handbell, formerly Mary's property, and with her book-stamp and her signet ring in the British Museum (Palliser's "Historic Devices," 1870, page 124). Above this emblematic centre-piece is an octagon bordered with the famous Marian anagram, *Sa vertu m'ative*, and containing the crowned monogram Maria Stuart, while below it is a similar octagon, showing a monogram ensigned by a coronet, and with "George and Elizabeth Shrewsbury" in clear in the surround. Other octagonal panels have reference to Mary, such as the crowned monogram surrounded by the rose and thistle, with the enclosing legend *Virtutis vincula sanguinis arctiora sunt* (The bonds of virtue are straiter than those of

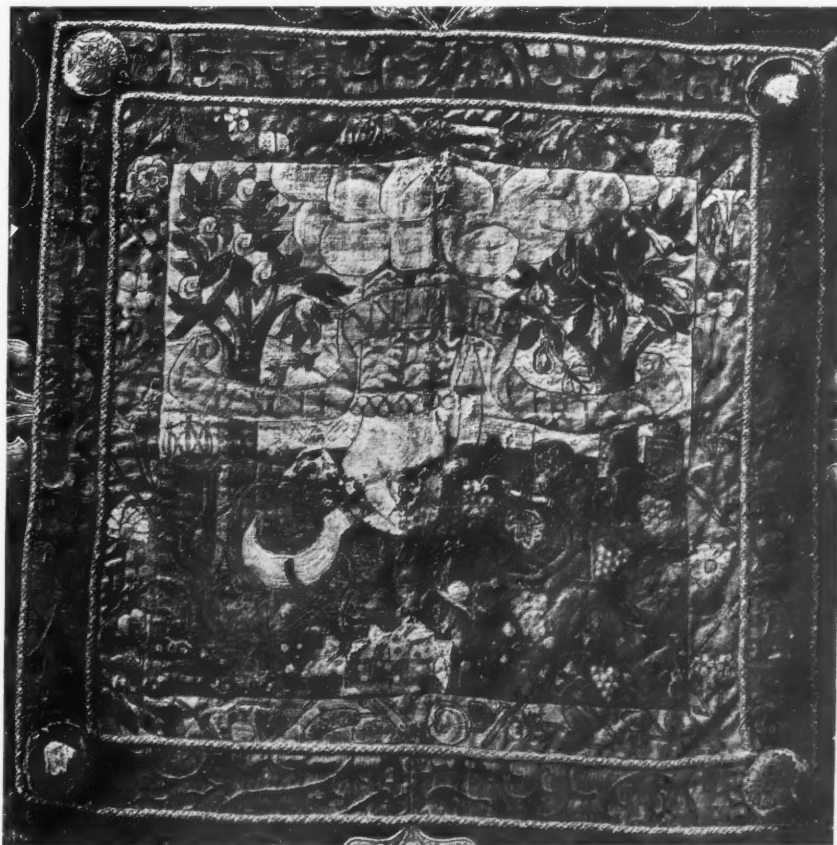
blood). Other symbolical panels are the apple tree, with the legend *Pulchriori detur* (Be it given to the fairest), the tortoise climbing a crowned palm tree, with the legend *Dat gloria vires* (Ambition gives strength), a device and motto which appears on a two-third Royal of Mary and Darnley. A snake wreathed round a group of flowers, with the motto *Anguis sub herba latet* (A snake in the grass). The sunflower turning towards the sun, with the legend *Non inferiora secutus* is the well known device of Marguerite of Valois, sister of François Ier, which appears in Paradin's "Devises Héroïques." Besides these emblem panels there are smaller shaped panels in which a bird or beast, with its name, is represented: "a solen," "a zyphwhale" (a sword fish), "troute," "a jay, an "once" (or lynx), a tiger, a scolopender," "a sea moonke," "a harte," a cocatrice, a horse and a dragon, "a she dolphin fishe," and what appears to be a toucan with the inscription "A byrd of America."

Some of the panels are signed M. R., as, for example, the dolphin, which may be significant (as in Whitney's "Emblems") of greatness in exile. It does not seem possible to attach any symbolic meaning to these bird and beast panels, and, by the evidence of the Chartley Inventory (July 18th, 1586), Mary had, at the time of her death, a considerable number of such panels, 124 birds of divers sorts worked in *petit point*, not yet cut out, 116 which were partially cut out, sixteen of quadrupeds and fifty-two fish. Very much the same *motifs* appeared in the ornamental confectionary and pastry of the day, for in an account of a banquet given to Queen Elizabeth at Elvetham in 1591 we have a description of *tours de force* in sugarwork representing, besides the Royal Arms and the arms of the nobility, "all kind of animals, all kinds of birds, reptiles, and all kinds of worms, mermaids, whales and all sorts of fishes."

Of the two curtains, the first is arranged on the same system as the bedspread, but the design of the centre panel consists of flames, upon which tears are dropping, with the motto *Extinctam lachrymae testantur vivere flammam* (Tears witness that the quenched flame lives), the device of Catherine de Medici after the death of her husband, Henri II. To the left-hand corner of the square are the arms of Cavendish, three hart's heads caboshed, argent altered or, and other quarterings.

## CURTAIN I.

Top centre.—W.C. (William Cavendish) to the left, a broken fetter; to the right, a broken mirror; W.E.C. and the date 1570.



THE CENTREPIECE OF BEDSPREAD.

*Left side.*—Broken mirror, fan with feathers falling, and the Cavendish motto, *Cavendo tutus*, and nowed snake.

*Along the bottom.*—A torn gauntlet, monogram E.C., a knotted and broken girdle, a stag with monogram E.S.

*Right side.*—Similar girdle, monogram E.S. with coronet.

*Above centrepiece.*—The initials of George Shrewsbury in monogram surrounded by the same in clear.

*Below centrepiece.*—Tree surrounded by motto *Vera felicitas semper illusa* (True happiness is ever unscathed) (E.S.).

*Right of centrepiece.*—Three flowers, with motto *Vera virtus periculum affectat* (True courage courteth peril), and initials E.S.

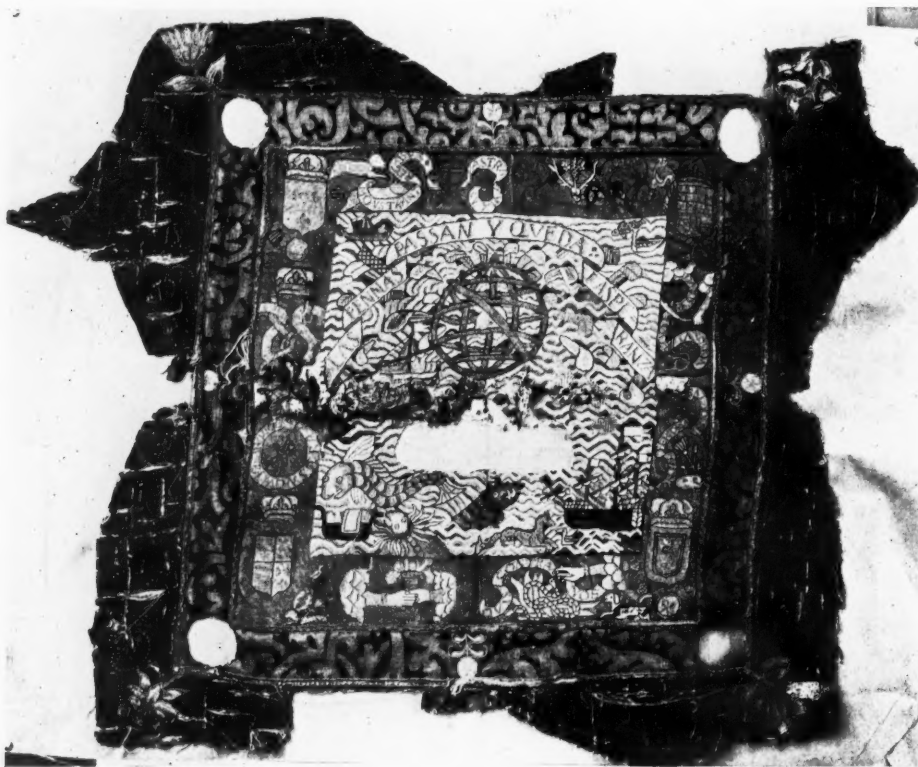
*Left of centrepiece.*—An oak, surrounded by legend: *Integritas vi robore perennius est*.

This is probably meant for *Integritas vitæ* (or *vera*) *robore perennius est* (Integrity is more lasting than oak). The rest of the hanging is mounted with designs of animals, two of which are signed B, and one ("a byrd of America"), signed M.R. In this curtain (as in the second) Elizabeth Hardwick predominates—a woman who was described by the Bishop of Lichfield to Lord Shrewsbury as "a sharp and bitter shrew, and therefore lieke enough to shorten your life if she should kepe you company." The daughter of a Derbyshire squire of no great pretensions, who died in 1527, Elizabeth's crescendo of marriages is well known. Her first husband was Robert Barlow; her second, Sir William Cavendish; her third, Sir William St. Loe, grand

Cavendish" are records of the marriage, in February, 1567-68, of Henry Cavendish, Lady Shrewsbury's eldest son, with Grace Talbot, Lord Shrewsbury's youngest daughter (by his previous marriage), and gives a convenient *terminus post quem* for the hangings. It is possible that E.B. represents the female domestic Eleanor Bretton, whom Lord Shrewsbury allowed to obtain "an injurious ascendancy over him." What was probably the original valance consists of borders of velvet with a strapwork design in satin, and of sat'n with the same pattern applied in velvet. The satin is painted with small devices of flowers and beasts.

The most interesting of the panels is the centrepiece, measuring 27ins. square with its border of red and gold brocade. The inner needlework border (about 3½ins. wide) has the royal arms of France, Spain (as borne by Philip II), England and Scotland at the four corners. Between these are the following allegorical and heraldic subjects: (1) a five-pointed star, surrounded by a crown, with a scroll bearing the motto, *Monstrant regibus astra viam* (The stars show kings their course); (2) a stag's head, surmounted by an eagle, with a scroll intertwined with the motto, *Ardua deturbans vis animosa quatit* (Courageous strength casting down shakes things on high). This device and motto appear in the "Devises heroïques" of Claude Paradin, who explains that "pour venir a chef de chose ardue, difficile and de grande entreprinse, c'est le tout que le

bon vouloir, le courage, et la diligence": and tells us that eagles kill stags by alighting on their heads and blinding them by the dust collected on their plumage until they stumble down a precipice; (3) a crown surmounting twisted and interlaced pillars with the motto, *Pietate et Justitia* (the device of Charles IX of France); (4) a rayed five-pointed star encircled by a scroll, with the motto, *Vias tuas demonstra mihi Domine* (Thy ways, O Lord, show unto me), the device of the great sea captain, Andrea Doria; (5) two hands clasped across a cornucopia, with scroll surround and motto, *Dilat servata fides* (Faith kept enriches). This device and motto appear in Paradin as that of a person who wished to show that he had been faithful to his master, and by that means had been enriched; (6) a hand shaking off a coiled snake, with the scroll and motto, *Quis contra nos?* (Who is against us?). *Quis contra nos?* also appears in Paradin, with the device of St. Paul's hand shaking off the viper into the flames at Malta; (7) a sunflower turned towards the sun, with the scroll and motto, *Non inferiora secutus*, the well known device of Marguerite of Valois, which has already found place on the bedspread; (8) a hand cutting a hanging



CENTREPIECE OF FOURTH HANGING.

butler of England and head captain of the guard; and as her fourth and most brilliant match, she secured a widower, George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury.

In the second curtain, which is of the same size and character, the centrepiece has as a *motif* a large cup, with handles of twisted snakes and feet of snake's heads. From this a crow or raven is drinking, the motto being *Ingenii largitor* (Bestower of wit), and the initials E.S. and G.S. This device appears in Paradin's "Devises heroïques," with an allusion to the belief that, necessity being the mother of invention, the thirsty crow fills a narrow bowl with pebbles in order to raise the water to a drinkable level.

#### CURTAIN II.

*Above centrepiece.*—Coroneted monogram, perhaps Elizabeth Talbot (?), surrounded by Elizabeth Shrewsbury in clear.

*Left of centrepiece.*—Conventional flowers, surrounded by motto, *Eventus rei in manu dei* (The issue is in God's hand).

*Right of centrepiece.*—Cherry bush, with motto, *Fugacia sic speciosa* (As fleeting as beautiful) (E.S.).

*Below centrepiece.*—Flowers, surrounded by motto, *Fecem bibat qui vinum bibit* (Let him drink the dregs who drinks the wine).

The rest of the hanging is mounted with animals, some initialled B. and E.S. The valance, which is made up of vertical strips sewn together, is also mounted with panels of animals, without mottoes. There remain fragments of a fourth hanging, with a centrepiece, and some thirty-eight panels and fragments of panels, some unsigned, others signed M.R., E.B. and E.S. Two monograms, initialled and surrounded by "gra (ce Caven) disshe and Henry Grac (e

rope with a scimitar, and scroll with motto, *Nodos virtute resolvo*, the device of Jacques d'Albon de St. André (an allusion to Alexander the Great cutting the Gordian knot). The central picture represents, against the background of the ocean, an armillary sphere surmounted by a scroll bearing a Spanish motto, *Las penas pasan y queda la Esperanza* (Sorrows pass and hope abides). About the globe are ostrich feathers, a play upon the word *penas*. Below the sphere is an unfortunate mutilation, while the rest of the space is filled in with sea subjects, a ship, a duck, a gondola, a sea-horse, a three-masted ship. Recently, pieces which served as patches in other portions of the needlework were found to fill part of this mutilation, and show a rocky island rising from the sea. Though this centre is unsigned, the Royal arms and devices, the identity of the black and white dog with a panel signed M.R. and titled Jupiter (no doubt a pet dog), the optimism of the legends (Sorrows pass and hope abides) all substantiate Marian authorship. It is probable that the introduction of Spanish arms and motto point to a hope of Spanish intervention, and the device of a hand cutting the Gordian knot and of the eagle mastering a stag by its sudden onslaught to the hope of some rapid *coup de main*. The allusion to the material advantages of fidelity (No. 5 in the surround) and to the snake (the Cavendish nowed snake may be indicated) that is shaken off into the flames, also point to Mary's hopes and fears, but it was obviously impossible to be more explicit in captivity.

If we turn to the record of Mary's activities during the period indicated by the hangings, that in 1569-70, a fuller light is thrown upon her state of mind. On July 31st, 1569, an attempt was made to gain assent to her divorce at the Perth



convention, and in June a proposal was renewed to her for a marriage with the Duke of Norfolk. Had the Scots convention been favourable, there was some intention of asking Elizabeth's consent to the marriage, but in the event the scheme was conjoined with a plot for Mary's escape and a Catholic rising in her favour. Moray's assassination in January, 1569-70, aroused fresh hopes of the approaching triumph of Catholicism, but the Ridolfi conspiracy, to which Norfolk, a day-dreamer essentially weak in character, was induced to give his assent, ended in failure. Ridolfi was despatched to complete, with the Duke of Alva, Philip of Spain and the Pope, a scheme

for foreign support to a projected English rising, but the apprehension of a servant with secret despatches in cypher exposed the whole intrigue, and Norfolk paid for his venture on Tower Hill in 1572. The Houses of Parliament petitioned that Mary should share his fate, but Elizabeth replied that "she could not put to death the bird that had fled to her for succour from the hawk." The remainder of her captivity may be summed up as a vain beating of the bird against the bars: "Scotland, France and Spain, her eyes were ever turned towards these three kingdoms in the hope that from one or other of them aid of some kind might sooner or later reach her." M. JOURDAIN.

## FARINGTON'S DIARY (1802-4)

IT may be said at once that the second volume of *The Farington Diary* (Hutchinson, 21s. net) is every bit as interesting as the first, but it deals with graver times, graver thought. It is a diary of two years, beginning in August, 1802, and leaving off on September 13th, 1804. They were serious years for England. The shade of Napoleon lay over Europe, and there were many in high authority who took a very sombre view of what was likely to be the outcome of the war. Nelson and Wellington had not yet emerged into the brightness of their fame. It is no wonder, therefore, that the artist is frequently taken out of his usual environment and discourses much about men and events not primarily connected with his own personality or the world of art in which he lived, moved and had his being. There was, as in every war, much prodigal expenditure. Mrs. Walker, the wife of a Liverpool merchant, gave routs, as they were called at the time, costing from £5,000 to £6,000 a night; grapes, only, cost £500, and on some occasions the fruit cost £700. They were so distinguished "that the Prince of Wales having on one occasion received twenty tickets afterwards applying for more, cd. not have them." Her husband was a great collector; his plate was valued at £20,000 and "He removed it every season to and from London in a waggon He built for the purpose." His pictures were sold after his death on March 5th, 1803, and one of them—"A Bacchanalian Festival," by Nicholas Poussin, now in the National Gallery, was bought by Mr. Angerstein for 800 guineas.

Early in the volume we have a very vivid description of the great Napoleon. Farington had agreed with Mr. Fuseli to make an excursion to Paris accompanied by Mr. James Moore, Surgeon, son of the late Dr. Moore and therefore brother to Sir John Moore of Corunna fame, and Mr. Halls, a student at the Academy. It was at the monthly grand review on September 2nd that he had an opportunity of seeing Buonaparte:

I thought his general appearance better than I expected, and his countenance of a higher style than any picture or bust of him that I have seen. He has an intent and searching look, but his expression is confident. His complexion is not as I have heard it described wax, but though wanting of colour sufficiently healthy. His person is slim, & I should judge him to be abt. 5 feet 6 inches high. He was dressed in Blue, much more plain than His officers, which gave him additional consequence, for the power & splendour of his situation was marked by the contrast, as commanding all that brilliant display.

Later on we get a most interesting thumbnail sketch of the great man's manners:

I remarked this the more as it was contrary to what I expected which was that He would have appeared solicitous to shew How important it was that every motion shd. be perfect. I should rather say that his manner expressed indifference, and His actions corresponded with it. He did not in the least seem to study state and effect.

It will be recognised at once that Farington looked with his own eyes and gave a personal and individual account of the impression made on him by the greatest notability.

Turning to English characters, there is a pleasant story of an alteration of opinion in regard to the poets Coleridge and Wordsworth. Farington's information came from Sir George Beaumont, who gave a sketch of Coleridge and Wordsworth in the following paragraph:

Lodged at Jackson's at Keswick in the same House with Coleridge, a few years ago a violent Democrat but now quite opposite,—abt. 32 years old,—of great genius,—a Poet,—prodigious command of words,—has read everything.—

Sir George also became acquainted with Wordsworth (nephew to Cookson), who is a rival genius, has abt. £70 a yr. is married,—lives near Grassmere,—is abt. the same age.—

Sir George Beaumont, however, was not bigoted, and when on a later occasion he met with the same two bards, he seems to have been delighted with them, though his indebtedness was chiefly to Wordsworth "for the good He had recd. from His poetry which had benefitted Him more, Had more purified

His mind, than any Sermons had done." Sir George goes on in an interesting way to correct the wrong impression he had formed at the earlier meeting:

Sir George mentioned Him as an instance why we shd. not give way to first prejudices. He saw Coleridge at Sotheby's last year, & felt such dislike to Him that when He found Him at Keswick in the summer following He considered how He shd. shun Him.—They met however for they by chance were in the same house (Jacksons) and getting into conversation soon became attached.—

There are not wanting plenty of light touches in the midst of a great deal that is serious. Of Lady Hamilton he recalls that Masquerier thought her "now abt. 40 years & very fat." Another note is that Beckford explains his disappointment with Wyatt by saying "if Wyatt can get near a large fire, and have a bottle by Him He cares for nothing else." Turner is very frequently mentioned in the *Diary* and every passage is not so disparaging as the remarks of Sir George Beaumont, who said that Vandeveld's picture in the late Duke of Bridgewater's Collection "made Turner's *Sea* appear like pease soup," while Sir George and Eldridge agreed that Turner never painted a good sky. Morland and Ward come up for judgment and do not always receive justice. Here is a paragraph which suggests that Turner was not always in an amiable mood:

On our return to the Council (meeting) we found Turner who was not there when we retired. He had taken my Chair & began instantly with a very angry countenance to call us to acct. for having left the Council, on which moved by his presumption I replied to him sharply & told Him of the impropriety of his addressing us in such a manner, to which He answered in such a way, that I added His conduct as to behaviour had been cause of complaint to the whole Academy.

Yet Turner did not go unappreciated. A story is told of Sir John Leicester, who wished to purchase one of his large landscapes, for which he offered 250 guineas when it was exhibited. Turner demanded three hundred. In the succeeding spring Sir John offered three hundred, but Turner demanded four hundred. Then we are told that "Opie sd. to Thomson He did not see why Turner should not ask such prices as no other person could paint such pictures." Opie also gives a very pleasant account of Fox sitting for him.

Here is a little description of Pitt that should be remembered by all future biographers:

Eldridge was a little time ago at Cashiberry, Lord Essex's when Mr. Pitt was there. He spoke of the deep, bell-toned, voice of Mr. Pitt, which, with his emphasis, made common things said by him seem to have a great effect.

We may supplement it with a quotation from the converse of the Bishop of Gloucester, who "spoke of Fox as being open & man to be depended upon, but of Pitt as having expected to make a Cat's-paw of Mr. Addington and being disappointed broke with Him."

It will be seen even from this scrappy and insufficient notice that the pages of this second volume of *The Farington Diary* are crowded with memories and descriptions of some of the most illustrious men of a very remarkable period. The book is one for the bedroom rather than the bookcase, because it may be taken up at any time and opened at any page with the assurance that it will supply interest and entertainment.

**The Deer and Deer Forests of Scotland.** Historical, Descriptive and Sporting, by Alex. Inkson McConnochie, F.Z.S. (Witherby, 25s.)

THIS volume, whatever its shortcomings, is written by a keen stalker, who is also a real lover of the hills. Something of an antiquarian, too, his first chapter traces the history of deer forests from the eleventh century to the present day. Anti-sport fanatics who inveigh against them as modern inventions will do well to study what Mr. McConnochie has to say. The second chapter, comprising more than half the book, deals with modern forests. The descriptions, particulars of noted heads, etc., up to a point are excellent—those on Atholl, Ardvienkie, Ben Alder and Gaick especially so—though the author does not escape pitfalls which Mr. Grimble more successfully eluded in his "Deer

Forests of Scotland." There are one or two slips or errors. On Balmacaan, for instance, sixty stags have not been killed in a season for many years, nor have they averaged anything like 16st.; "a particularly fine royal" from Dalnamein has a measurement on "the inside curve" of 25ins., which is a very indifferent length. The method of weighing stags at Braemore seems a little peculiar. Weighed "clean," an allowance is made according to the size of the animal. "The usual allowance for a stag of 15st. is 20lb." Does this mean that such a stag is entered as 16st. 6lb.? "In a Deer Watcher's Bothy," is excellent, so is "Poaching." In Chapter IV, "The Deer," the enthusiast will pick up many hints—the author is absolutely right when he says there should be no close time for "undesirables"—and throughout the book the nature-lover will come on many pleasing little pictures of wild life. Short accounts by various sportsmen, in particular stalks, look suspiciously like padding, and there are too many extracts and quotations; we should have preferred more undiluted Mr. McConnochie. The illustrations, chiefly from photographs, are well reproduced. Those of Kintail show the best kind of stalking ground; that entitled "A Sniff of Danger" is good. The general get-up of the book is attractive, the print clear, and there is a useful index. Mr. McConnochie has collected much interesting and valuable information which no keen stalker is likely to place himself in a position to neglect.

#### SOME BOOKS OF THE DAY

(Reference is made in this column to all books received, and does not, of course, preclude the publication of a further notice in COUNTRY LIFE.)

Books which carry one away from the daily round's usual setting are in the small majority which this week's short list allows. *Amid the High Hills* (Black, 18s.), by Sir Hugh Fraser, is one of them and shall certainly be referred to again in these pages; then there is *The Island of Skye* (Scottish Mountaineering Club, 10s.), which is Section A of Vol. III of the Guide issued by that body, is edited by E. W. Steeple, G. Barlow and H. MacRobert, and is very

well and minutely done, with many photographic illustrations and a map. *Down the Mackenzie* by Fullerton Waldo (Macmillan, 14s.) comes under the same classification; and I think the new edition of Sir Richard Gregory's *The Vault of Heaven* (Methuen, 6s.) may be included without too much enlargement of the description; and also *The Travels of Fa-hsien* (A.D. 399-414) (Cambridge University Press, 5s.), retranslated by Professor H. A. Giles from the Chinese, which gives a glimpse of Buddhism as it was in the early days of the fifth century A.D. in the course of describing Fa-hsien's long tramp from Central China to the mouth of the Hoogli.

*English Furniture* (COUNTRY LIFE, 21s.) is a finely illustrated volume, likely to appeal to everyone interested in old furniture, by Mr. John C. Rogers. *Building the American Nation* (Cambridge University Press, 10s. 6d.) are lectures given last May and June at British Universities by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, under the Foundation of the Sir George Watson Chair of American History, Literature and Institutions.

Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's book of short stories, *The Eighth Wonder* (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.), has reached us this week; and *It Is The Law* (T. Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d.), a novel by Hayden Talbot, which begins with a murder on the first page; *The Wings of the Dove*, in two volumes at 7s. 6d. each, in Messrs. Macmillan's very good edition of the works of Henry James, has also appeared; and *Her Father's Daughter* (John Murray, 3s. 6d.), a cheap edition of one of Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter's many popular volumes.

*Salmon and Other Things* (Methuen, 7s. 6d.) is a pleasant, discursive volume by Mr. Henry Nicoll. We have also received *The English Guernsey Cattle Society's Herd Book*, Vol. XXXIX, compiled and edited by Mr. Robert F. Ling; *The Journal of Botany* (Taylor and Francis, 2s.) for August, edited by Mr. James Britten; and *The 10.30 Limited* (Great Western Railway, 1s.), a book about a train, the Riviera Express, for boys and their sisters, by Mr. W. G. Chapman.

*Adam and Eve* (T. Werner Laurie, 2s.) by a Mr. H. Dennis Bradley whose posters on the "tube" have made us familiar with his name and that of a previous volume. S.

## THE AZALEA GARDEN

BY GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

THOSE who live and garden on soils that are sandy or peaty, although they may be debarred from much that may be done on those that are of loam or lime, yet have one distinct compensation in that they can do well with the ericaceæ, that large family of shrubs that includes rhododendron and azalea, andromeda, erica, vaccinium, kalmia, gaultheria and others of this delightful order. It is well to devote quite a large space to azaleas, either alone or in company with some of the vacciniums, for, long after their blooming time, when the leaves of the azaleas have taken on their ruddy tinting, the vacciniums, especially *V. pennsylvanicum*, will form points of still more brilliant colouring, the leaves turning almost scarlet.

One of the azalea gardens shown in the illustrations is a clearing in natural woodland of oak, birch and Spanish chestnut. It is on hilly land and by nature drier than is desirable, for azaleas are thankful for ground that is fairly moist, though they cannot endure any place that is actually waterlogged. The surrounding trees are not near enough to rob them at the root but their height gives passing shade in the middle of the day. A very slightly winding path passes upwards for nearly a hundred yards, coming out at the top into a further clearing planted as a heath garden. The azaleas are carefully grouped for colour. At the lower end they begin with some of fairly strong colour, soon passing to the most brilliant deep orange and red, then following through yellows to white; these,

again, leading to stronger colouring. Their size when of mature growth was considered at the time of planting; they should stand about 8ft. apart, not evenly; but sometimes a group of the same may be a little closer, showing as a connected mass.

Now, after some eighteen years, they have grown into their natural form, varying from those that are dense and bushy to the more free-growing kinds that take a graceful small tree form. All those in the middle and lower parts of the ground are of the Ghent varieties, but at the upper end there is a large group of the common *A. pontica*; a welcome forerunner, in the middle of May, of the later kinds. Between these and the Ghents is a group of *A. occidentalis*, a Californian species, perhaps the most beautiful and sweetly scented of any. Why this lovely thing is not more commonly planted it is impossible to say, but it certainly should be in every garden where it is possible to grow azaleas. It is later than the Ghents, flowering early in July; the leaves have a more polished surface than in other kinds, and the flowers, in various tintings of white, tinged or

inclining to palest pink, are of the most refined form and distinguished appearance.

The main groups are in bloom during the last days of May and the first fortnight in June; their scent is delicious and carries far; it has often been noticed by passers by in a wooded lane more than a hundred yards away.

In order that the azalea ground may have some later interest, there are groups of *Cistus* among them; the hardy, bushy



A FORMAL CLUMP OF MOLLIS AZALEAS.

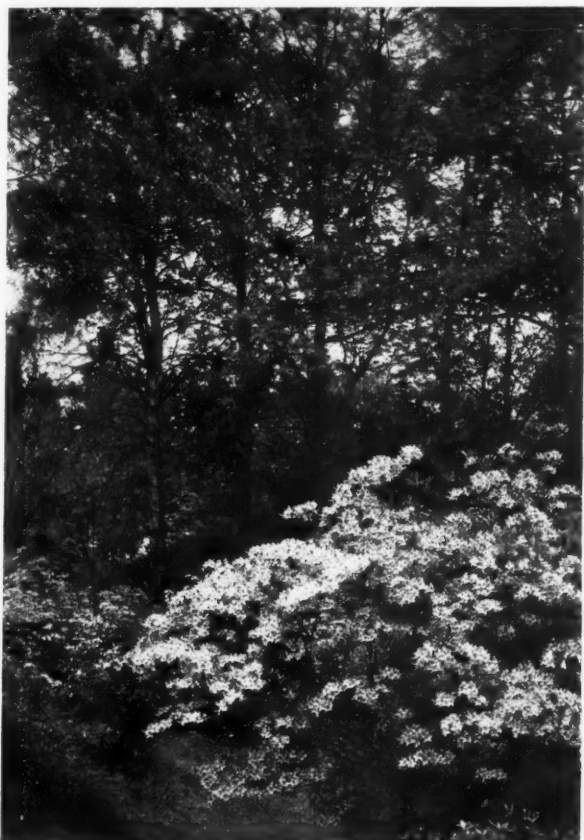


*C. laurifolius* and the larger and more graceful *C. Cyprius*, with lower bushes of *C. florentinus*, all white-flowered; and, lower still, the half-trailing yellow *Cistus formosus*—for garden purposes commonly classed among *Cistuses*, though botanically *Helianthemum formosum*.

The paths are of the natural fine-leaved grasses of the heathy uplands—mostly of *Aira flexuosa*; when this grass grows naturally it comes in dark green tufts with graceful, feathery bloom, but when kept down by mowing or treading it makes a close, one sward.

The azaleas were planted in peat; in their earlier years and when dry seasons occurred later they were watered when needed. They may even need some screening protection above ground in droughty seasons. In a former garden a number were lost from actual sun-drying; they were not succoured in time, the leaves dried up, crackling and crumbling when touched, and the plants could not be saved. Every year, or at the very least every two years, the stems of the azaleas are well cleared of grassy invasion and they are given a mulch of something manurial, preferably stuff from a shoeing forge; this contains a good proportion of hoof parings, which are rich in ammonia and decay very slowly.

For named kinds of Ghent azaleas these may be recommended: For white, *viscocephala* and *Daviesii*, the latter, best of all, but opening yellowish. For pale yellow the double *narcissiflora* and *pontica globosa*; for fuller yellow, *Nancy*



AZALEAS ALLOWED TO GROW IN THEIR NATURAL FORM.

Waterer, a grand kind with large bloom, and *Ellen Cuthbert*. For orange, *Princeps*, with red tube, and *Gloria Mundi*, a glowing, intense deep orange. For reds, *Pallas*, *Grandeur Triumphant*, and, brightest of all, *Sang de Gendbrugge*.

#### NORTHERN TREES IN SOUTHERN LANDS.

MR. ERNEST H. WILSON of the Arnold Arboretum, Mass., known to Americans as "Chinese Wilson," and to us as one of the ablest of the many who owe their early training to Kew, has contributed a treatise upon forestry within the British Empire to the *Journal of the Arnold Arboretum* (Vol. iv, 1923). During a recent tour through Australasia and South Africa Mr. Wilson has compiled much information regarding the northern trees of rapid growth that are being planted there to replace the indigenous trees that are, in general, either of too slow growth or of low value as timber. Obviously this important matter is still in its early stages, but tree-lovers will be interested to learn that the *Insignis* pine (*P. radiata*) is the most valuable exotic conifer in Australia; the reference to municipal plantations at Port Elizabeth and Grahamstown will excite those of us who have long desired that such enterprises should add beauty and spacious resorts to the surroundings of our own overcrowded towns. The observations regarding the Corsican pine, the Douglas fir, the little known *Pinus ponderosa*, the larches, the Sitka spruce, the hemlocks, the oaks and many more are of the greatest interest. But, above all else, two conclusions are forced upon the reader: first, that a survey, such as this,



BIRCH BARK AND AZALEAS.  
What could be more beautiful?

of British forestry areas by one who is so free from prejudices and so capable as Mr. Wilson would be of inestimable value, and, secondly, a keen regret that so little has as yet been done to make economic forestry possible in Great Britain.

CHARLES ELEY.



A MAY SETTING.  
Brilliant colours against a dark background.

## CONCERNING RESEARCH ON DISEASES OF ANIMALS AND VETERINARY EDUCATION.—I

BY SIR STEWART STOCKMAN, *Director of Veterinary Research for the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries.*

**S**CHMES and provision for the advance of veterinary education and the investigation of diseases of animals have of late figured as anonymous articles in the daily Press. It cannot be said, however, that these articles are either accurate or instructive, and some of them, at least, convey the impression that the contributor is either badly informed or is deliberately misleading the lay public in order to forward some scheme which he desires to support, but which ought not to require support in that form, if it has all the merits attributed to it. A lay reader is given the impression that little is known about diseases of animals and that nothing of any account has been accomplished up to now in connection with their investigation, especially in this country. If that is correct, however, how are we to account for the outstanding fact that costly diseases, dangerous to man and animals, such as pleuro-pneumonia, cattle plague, rabies, glanders, and foot-and-mouth disease, when introduced into Great Britain, have been completely eradicated, and that stock-owners possess a greater sense of security, so far as plagues are concerned, than in almost any other country in the world, notwithstanding that Great Britain has, of necessity, to import raw animal products, and foodstuffs which are sometimes contaminated thereby, from all parts of the globe? These are only some of the results which have arisen from the study of animal diseases, but they have been attained almost exclusively by the efforts of veterinary scientists trained at the veterinary schools and working with very small financial backing from either public or private sources.

It is true, as of all things in this world, social, spiritual or medical, that much remains to be accomplished; but would anyone assert, while expecting to be accepted as a credible witness, that the medical profession, for example, has done little or nothing for humanity, and has failed because it has not solved the problems of, say, rheumatism or measles? That would be a narrow and ungenerous view. Recently a certain amount of money has become available, *inter alia*, for research in connection with animal diseases, and, as is not unusual under such circumstances, some competition has arisen for endowment. It is at least regrettable that, in order to support the claims of institutes still to be established and tried, it should have been thought necessary to decry and attempt to obliterate existing veterinary institutes which have done all the most important work in the past, and to which stock owners will undoubtedly have to look for the main body of work in the future, whether one or more complementary institutes are brought into existence or not.

### RESEARCH AND THE STOCK OWNER.

It is essential to establish and maintain the faith of the farmer in research and its harvests; but the attainment of this very desirable object is more likely to be obstructed than promoted through spreading unbelief by unwarrantably disparaging good work already accomplished. Nor is the real object likely to be advanced by "stunting" and unduly raising the hopes of stock owners for the immediate future. Stock owners must form an important part of any scheme of research on diseases of animals, and they should neither be misled nor allowed to deceive themselves. They should be frankly informed that it is only by research and study that problems in medicine may be solved; and although small items may be contributed, say, from month to month, and undue importance sometimes attributed to them, according to the temperament and character of the contributor or his associates, research of importance is necessarily a slow process. Anything of the nature of bombastic claims by scientists or their "shouters" must be looked upon with suspicion. There is nothing mystic about research or research workers. Stock owners themselves have, as regards more than one disease of animals, made valuable observations and enhanced the existing knowledge thereon. The professional researcher in medicine and kindred subjects is only attempting the same thing, but with the advantage of having a wider and more intimate knowledge of methods and the application thereof, and his general studies supply him with more analogies to draw from. Unfortunately, however, he sometimes has the disadvantage of being less acquainted with facts as they occur in practice than the man who is seeing the disease from day to day as it behaves in the field. This is an important point, for it will be clear to the ordinary thinker that if the findings of the laboratory are at variance with what

occurs in practice, either the laboratory findings are erroneous, or the happenings in practice have been incorrectly observed; and unless the discrepancy is cleared up, those whose interests are affected may be led into a worse position than before.

### THE SPECIALIST'S TASK.

The view may not always occur to laymen that science is only the knowledge of the day, and that, speaking figuratively, the knowledge of to-morrow may be different. The criticism is sometimes levelled adversely at scientists that they say one thing to-day and another to-morrow, as it were. That may sometimes be true, but it does not necessarily represent the truth. Men, whether they are scientists in the more restricted sense or not, ought to possess some flexibility of mind, and it would seem hard to imagine a less scientific attitude than that of a man who refuses to modify or even change his views in the light of further knowledge or evidence. Such a man could hardly possess the research spirit which arises from a feeling of legitimate curiosity to know the truth about something which is not apparent. It is this which stimulates the imagination to speculate intelligently on the possibilities and probabilities. The research worker, however, also designs and applies experiments to control the workings of the imagination, and the results constitute the research, which, of course, may not always be a complete solution.

### PREVENTION BETTER THAN TREATMENT.

As regards the problems in animal diseases, these have too often been discussed for the benefit of the public from an academic and even amateurish standpoint, with failure to realise that while it is right to extend a reasonable amount of sentimental consideration to animals and their bodily well-being, the main questions involved are overwhelmingly commercial or *industrial* in origin. The task of the veterinary scientist is not merely to cure or prevent disease, which may sometimes be comparatively simple, but to do so on a commercial basis, which greatly complicates the problem. Apart from pedigree stock, which is in a small, though important minority, it is not the individual but the mass value which counts. If, for example, a commercial animal costs, say, £8 to rear, and may be expected to sell for £10, any method of medical treatment, preventive or otherwise, which costs £3 can only mean a loss to the stock-owner, and, commercially speaking, at least, he will often be rightly advised to cut his loss by availing himself of the abattoir at the right moment. The aspect alters when there are, say, fifty animals and the problem is prevention.

### SOLUTIONS OUGHT TO BE PRACTICABLE OF APPLICATION.

Would-be research workers, then, in the domain of animal diseases must, if their efforts are to materialise, aim at solutions which are practicable of application, commercially and otherwise, under the conditions governing stock raising. The potential importance of abstract research, which pursues new knowledge merely for knowledge sake, is generally admitted. There are scientists who even affect to despise research aimed directly at utilitarian results. This attitude, however, would seem out of place, and even snobbish, in medical research, seeing that the *raison d'être* of medicine, and still more so of veterinary medicine, is its utility; and it is difficult to imagine that he who may pretend to adopt it would not gladly, if he could, merit the distinction of having solved the main problems of, say, cancer or tuberculosis. It is to be noted, moreover, that only a few epoch-making scientists, whose genius unfolds great general principles, are born in a century, and we have to wait for them to reveal themselves; but there are hundreds who, by training and study, are capable of brilliantly extending and developing the application of great discoveries, and this without peril to the possibility that they may even become epoch-makers, if they were so born.

### NEW AND OLD RESEARCH ESTABLISHMENTS.

When funds become available for endowing research, the question arises whether it is better to extend and develop existing institutions which have been at work for years and are possessed of invaluable experience, or to erect new institutes of the same kind in other places. New establishments may appeal to the fancy, and it would be correct to say that all such institutes are almost certain to do some good, but that hardly answers the question. The idea of institutes has spread



from two famous prototypes, L'Institut Pasteur and the Kaiserliche Gesundheitsamte.

In considering the establishment of new institutes, their proportions and future, due importance must be attached to the fact that each of these famous prototypes was established by, and grew up around, a man of exceptional genius, Pasteur in the one case and Koch in the other, and brilliant pupils whom their genius developed. The building of extensive establishments and then casting around for men to staff them is another matter, and somewhat speculative, though, as already stated, each may be expected to do some good. It would appear, however, everything considered, that the wisest policy is to extend and develop what already exists, awaiting the experience of a fair trial under reasonable conditions to provide us with reliable information on the character of something really new which may actually be essential. The worst policy of all would appear to be to starve existing schools of veterinary education and research, which stock owners know to be vital to their

business, in order to establish something else which has not the same essential features, although it may possess some merit. It is entirely erroneous, of course, to look upon establishments in the nature of buildings as provision for research. The men are obviously of infinitely greater importance, and all such institutes will be more or less failures if provision is not also made to educate and attract the men to staff them for all time. It follows from this it is imperative the educational institutes which concentrate on diseases of animals should be the most important consideration, and that it would be the reverse of an enlightened policy to divorce research on animal diseases from such institutes. For students of human and animal medicine it is not merely enough to teach theory from the book, as it were. They must be taught in the midst of busy practice, and in close touch with research. That, too, seems the only way to produce another essential, namely, the teachers who will not be merely dominions.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### GROVES OF SCOTCH FIRS ON HILL-TOPS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was extremely interested in the letter of Mr. Alfred Watkins in a recent number of COUNTRY LIFE. Yesterday I was walking along a very ancient road that had been worn for many feet deep through rocks, when, as we came to more level country, I saw a grove of Scotch firs and repeated to my friend the information as to firs and prehistoric tracks. She looked at me in surprise. "That is quite wrong; they were planted over the graves of Scotch soldiers who died by the way and were buried by their companions, in the days of Henry II or Henry III, I cannot remember which." Is there any reason for this belief? The grove in question was in mid-Sussex. I know the Scotch in olden days had a particular love for the firs of their native land and would bring the seeds with them from Scotland. But in days when the dead were seldom buried, but were left for the wolves and dogs to devour, it seems strange that the Scotch soldiery should bury their dead and plant fir seeds over the mound.—C.

### AN IMPORT DUTY ON POTATOES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You are on the wrong tack when you urge an import duty on potatoes. Wrong cure! Try a rate of carriage to all English markets based on the price got for the goods, leaving a minimum return to be made to the grower—a living price—and the balance only for transport. When the price obtained was enough to pay the full rate of transport, that and no more at any time should be paid for carriage, and the overplus, if any, to go to the grower.—JAMES ELLIS.

[Our correspondent scarcely touches the facts, which are, that potatoes, not having the sale they were accustomed to have on the Continent, are being dumped in this country at a price much below the English cost of production. We are very much in favour of reducing railway rates, but in this case the competition would be unfair even if the railway rates were abolished altogether.—ED.]

### BIRDS AND GREEN PEAS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In a garden belonging to a relative of mine the green peas have been extensively destroyed—in fact, two long rows close to a high south wall have had every pea eaten. Not a single one could be gathered for family use. On watching from a screened corner, we found that an army of tits descended upon the peas and, tearing open the young pods, devoured the contents. The raided pods hung in ribbons, but this did not explain the quantities of opened pods lying on the ground. One morning quite early the gardener—he was earlier than usual—to his astonishment saw several rats run away from the row of peas. On watching, he found that the half-grown rats climbed nimbly up the pea sticks, bit off the pea pods, and descended to feed upon them at leisure. Although blackbirds are plentiful in the garden they have not attacked the green peas yet, but, after "Peascod's" letter, perhaps this may be expected. Strange to say, green peas growing in another part of the garden have not been attacked by either tits or rats.

The gardener says that peas are never taken by the birds while they are rearing their young, and only in the summertime. The garden of which I am speaking is a very dry one, and there is no water for any creature, feathered or otherwise, to drink. A large fruit-grower once told me that he found the providing of water for the birds saved a great quantity of his fruit.—H. T. C.

### "WHITE SETTER" BY REINAGLE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The accidental recognition of the above painting reproduced on a Worcester china jug in the Victoria and Albert Museum recalls a newspaper controversy of some twenty years ago, when the authorship of the picture and its whereabouts were under discussion. The canvas was erroneously attributed to Raeburn,

and is deserving of his Master's care and of this concise acknowledgement of his Merits." The picture afterwards descended to a branch of the family living in England, where it now remains.—GUENN F. NEWNHAM.

### RARE BRITISH PLANTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have read with interest Mrs. Tristram's letter in your last issue. When it was suggested to me that I should write an article on British plants for English gardens, the same misgivings as occurred to Mrs. Tristram passed through my mind. I think, however, it will be quite easy to avoid the risks mentioned, especially as such plants as *Viola arenaria* possess no attractions whatever to the ordinary horticulturist, and it will be quite unnecessary to enumerate many localities. These are



"WHITE SETTER."

and was quoted as the only animal ever painted by him, one writer ingeniously asserting that after several attempts to paint the off fore foot Raeburn in despair painted a bramble over it to hide the faults! As a matter of fact, the picture is by Reinagle, pupil of Allan Ramsay, and a celebrated animal painter of his day. The setter Beau belonged to Mr. William Gairdner of Lady Kirk, Ayrshire, who always carried the painting with him when visiting his West Indian estates. Engraved by John Scott, this picture was chosen as the specimen illustration of a setter in Daniel's "Rural Sports" (1801-2), and was afterwards copied by the Worcester China Company, the jug in question being probably painted by Humphrey Chamberlain, jun., about 1810. "The Setter," says a footnote in the "Rural Sports," "is not only a beautiful Dog of his kind, but unquestionably has fewer faults than any one the compiler recollects to have seen . . .

already available in the many excellent local florae.—F. J. H.

### THE AVERAGE YIELD OF BEEF PRODUCTION CATTLE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—An interesting and rather instructive feature of the records given in the latest volume of the Register of Dairy Cattle issued by the Ministry of Agriculture is the average authenticated yield shown by cows of breeds which are more generally associated with beef production. The following gives the average yields for the different breeds: Friesians, 10,803lb.; Ayrshire, 9,625lb.; Welsh Black, 9,323lb.; Lincoln Red, 9,254lb.; Aberdeen Angus, 9,244lb.; Shorthorn, 9,101lb.; South Devon, 8,862lb.; Red Poll, 8,762lb.; Guernsey, 8,635lb.; Jersey, 8,528lb.; Devon, 8,371lb.; Kerry, 8,167lb.—X.

## A WHITE MAGPIE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—One of the keepers in this district caught, this spring, a white magpie (pure white), pink eyes, white feet and bill; the bird is quite tame and flies about the garden. The keeper would dispose of the bird to a gentleman who would treat the bird in a proper manner and not destroy it for use as an ornament in a case. I expect this will interest readers of COUNTRY LIFE, so you can insert the letter if you wish. I have not a photograph of the bird.—WM. ROBINSON.

## "LAMMAS."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It is stated by a competent authority that "Lammas" is simply an abbreviation of "St. Peter ad Vincula Mass." The chapel in the Tower precincts, of gloomy memories, is dedicated to "St. Peter ad Vincula," as is also the spacious modern church of the Austin Canons near Finsbury Park, N.—H. SIBBALD.

## APPLE GATHERING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Here is a photograph of a farm girl gathering apples in an orchard, in Kent, on a real old-fashioned fruit-pickers' ladder, which, perhaps, may be of interest to your readers.



ON AN OLD FRUIT-PICKERS' LADDER.

One does not often see a ladder of this type nowadays.—WARD MUIR.

## OLD ROSES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Miss Jekyll's article on this subject puts me in mind of an old garden full of old-fashioned flowers and roses which was my father's seventy years ago. At an angle in the main drive was an old rose bush with stems 12ft. high. It was told us that this was well over a hundred years old when we came to the house. I always considered that it actually consisted of two trees set together originally, as on some of the rods the blossoms were white and on others pink. Other roses in the garden were called damask, cabbage, blush and tea, but all these we considered were of the same stock, as there was only slight difference in coloration. At one corner near the door was a big sweet briar, from which the ladies of our house used to pluck a leaf and put it in the handkerchief when setting out for church, to use as a sort of scent bottle, for which it formed a good substitute. But the chief rose tree was one kept in the house on the window-ledge. It was called a monthly rose and was expected to flower once a month, which it did most of the year. I remember that, one Christmas, it produced a pinkish flower which was considered a great prize. This slender rose tree was treated like a child; its dead leaves were carefully removed, and each day it was watered with a few drops of cold tea, and every now and then, at intervals of a

week or two, its roots were reinvigorated with spent tea leaves used as manure. It was a great grief to the household when it died. I have never seen another, and the other old roses have now new names.—THOS. RATCLIFFE.

## UNWILLING SITTERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I see that you occasionally publish in your paper photographs of birds or animals,

the blossoms open all the night before have faded and that those to bloom that evening are beginning to show a hint of yellow. I waited for an hour before taking the last photograph, which I think shows a miracle of rapid growth—a very common everyday miracle, but one that I, in all the years in which I have liked evening primroses, never even suspected. I wonder whether any others of your readers have timed their opening or that of any other flowers. When the results are registered by



COB, PEN AND CYGNETS.

and I am therefore sending you one which I hope you may care to use. I had rather a difficult time in photographing this swan family, as both the male and female birds were very antagonistic and did their utmost to drive me away throughout the proceedings.—P. G. WILLIAMS.

photography they seem much more dramatic than when only measured by the eye. I must add that quite soon after the 7.30 photograph was taken the bees seemed to be attracted to the spray and with nuzzlings of their furry heads helped to push the blossoms open.—C. C.

## HOW FAST DOES A BLOSSOM GROW?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I suppose that there is hardly a more generally cultivated flower than the evening primrose—or perhaps "cultivated" is the wrong word, for most gardeners complain that once planted it cultivates itself. Its pale blossoms with their faint sweet perfume, particularly when they loom from the border at dusk, have endeared themselves to many of us, and the knowledge

## A BALD BLACKBIRD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A. M. K. writes a letter under the above title in COUNTRY LIFE of June 23rd. In all probability the blackbird he mentions has been attacked by ticks. In my collection of skins there are two, a wryneck procured in Hampshire, and a male ruff in Northern Europe; both had been attacked by ticks. The former had only lost a few feathers on the forehead, the latter the feathers from forehead



AT 8 A.M.



AT 7.30 P.M.



AT 8.30 P.M.

that the flower of to-night will not be the flower of to-morrow night adds to the charm of their fragile prettiness. It recently occurred to me to try the experiment of timing the growth of an evening primrose blossom, and my three photographs show, first, a spray of *Oenothera biennis grandiflora*—to give the garden variety its formal name—photographed at eight o'clock in the morning. In the next, taken at 7.30 in the evening of the same day (the 9th of this month), it will be seen that during the day

and cheeks; the eyes were uninjured. I also procured a wagtail in the Red Sea in which the ticks had destroyed one of the eyes. Apart from the area attacked, the plumage in both wryneck and ruff was in splendid condition; a more or less sharp line of demarcation ran between the denuded and feathered regions. In the case of the wagtail the plumage was in wretched condition, as if the bird was in moult, though it was not the moulting season when it was secured.—J. E. H. KELSO.





**W**E English are a conservative and insular people, and any innovations—whether in the form of a new breakfast food or an altered standard of religion—have to fight hard for a footing among us. Take building, for instance. Where is the builder who does not think that the “old way” is always the best way? Master and workman both regard “new” as “new fangled”! They look askance at the innovation; and so any new manner of building can make headway only with much difficulty. Conditions during and after the war, however, forced many who were instinctively conservative to try the new way, and we all know of the multitudinous schemes for building with concrete, steel and patent materials which came crowding upon one another with the blessing of the Ministry of Health. It seemed as though the old ways of building with brick and stone had gone for ever, and that henceforth the new ways would reign supreme. But in this matter conservatism has found a vindication, for, with a return to more normal conditions, we find building with brick as a traditional material coming into its own again, and it seems likely to retain the field. This prompts one or two observations about the quality to be secured in a brick house. Texture and varying tone must be counted essential, and preference given to really good hand-made bricks, with all their play of surface and differing colour, set with good mortar joints, either struck flush with a wooden float, or neatly (but not too neatly) pointed. As an example of good brickwork in a modern house we may turn to Felden Orchard at Boxmoor, completed a short



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FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

“COUNTRY LIFE.”

time ago from designs by Messrs. Forsyth and Maule. It is a perfectly straightforward house, alike in its manner of construction and in its planning and arrangement, and it has the added interest of a house of moderate accommodation, such as appeals to so many people to-day. It is wholly of brick, the window mullions, heads and sills being carried out in this material as well as the general walling. The roof is of hand-made tiles.

On reference to the plan it will be seen that from a lobby of welcoming size one steps into a room that serves the dual purposes of hall and dining-room. It projects on the garden side, and has folding doors glazed from top to bottom; which doors may be turned right back, the room then being free to



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SOUTH FRONT.

“COUNTRY LIFE.”



TWO VIEWS OF THE SITTING-ROOM.



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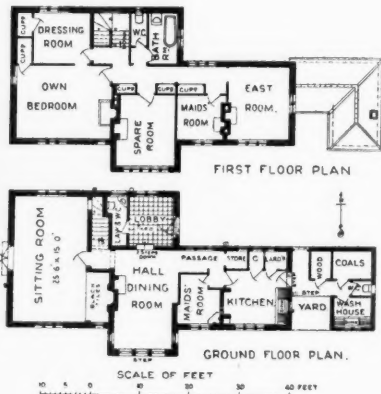
IN THE PRINCIPAL BEDROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the open air. To the left of it is the sitting-room. This extends from back to front, having a length of more than 25ft. and a width of 15ft., with an angle recess at one corner. It has a beamed ceiling of somewhat unusual character. The beams, of Memel fir, taken out of an old work-house at Norwich, are overlaid with slabs of cork, which in turn are covered by floor boarding, the under surface of the cork being covered with panels of Beaver Board painted white. The floor of the room is of bean wood, a beautiful wood of a tone resembling that of walnut. The walls are plastered in two-coat work, finished white, against which the orange-brocade hangings to the windows come in pleasing contrast. A big oak bressumer spans the ingle, where there is a wood fire burning on the hearth in the old way. This is an extremely attractive room, and most comfortable in use.

On the other side of the house are the kitchen quarters, conveniently arranged, with a small yard around which the wash-house, coal store and wood store are grouped, all being accessible under cover; while a short distance away from this end of the house is the garage.

The kitchen is treated entirely as a domestic workshop, with a maids' sitting-room adjoining. It is lined with glazed white brickwork, and in a recess is an



"Eco" combination, comprising an independent boiler connected to a gas cooker. This boiler supplies all the hot water needed for the house, and its waste heat not only keeps the oven in a pre-heated condition, but also maintains it at a sufficient temperature to enable any cooking, even pastry, to be done in it. There is a hinged gas hot-plate for supplementary use.

On the first floor are four good-sized bedrooms, each of which has a fireplace and ample cupboard accommodation. The bedrooms, moreover, have hot and cold water fittings, the merits of which need no emphasis. These fittings involve a fair amount of initial expense, plumbing being a costly item in the building of a house; but their convenience and the labour they save make them well worth what they cost to install.

In the roof are additional bedrooms, as well as a goodly space boarded over and rendered easily accessible, so providing a most admirable place for storing the impedimenta that belong to every house, and for which space must be found somewhere.

Felden Orchard stands on high ground, with an unobstructed outlook over the Hertfordshire countryside. A rose garden is laid out on the west side, and adjacent to this is a tennis lawn. House and garden occupy two acres, and belonging to the property also are half an acre of orchard and three acres of grassland, ensuring its privacy. It is the residence of Mr. R. Y. Ames.

R. RANDAL PHILLIPS.



# NOTES ON RECENT RACING

## GIMCRACK AND ST. LEGER MATTERS.

SINCE last writing, the jockeys have continued to attract more than usual notice to their existence and the essential part they play in the vast workings of racing in this country. We have seen Donoghue climb to the head of the list once more, after having been behind ever since the season started. No doubt he was assisted by the fact of his young rival Elliott having been on the "easy" list through that nasty fall he had on Brighton's far from satisfactory course. But it is also true that Donoghue has been riding with all his old time brilliance, which fact has won him several races that he would assuredly have lost had it not been so. There is plenty of time for him to enter on another lean period between now and the end of the season, but the probabilities are that for the ninth or tenth year in succession he will head the list of winning jockeys.

Meanwhile, another of Stanley Wootton's apprentices has been attracting attention of quite another kind. Reference is made to the boy Morris, who is undoubtedly one of the most efficient riders of the present time. He has dash to the maximum, admirable hands and seat, and excellent judgment. This latter virtue has been noticeable time after time. At Kempton Park, last week, he won the Greenwood Handicap on the Irish bred, and owned, Time. In order to win on this horse Morris had to burst through in the last 50yds. Had he not done so he would certainly have lost, as he had declined to come round on the outside, which he should have done. However, knowing the brilliant burst of speed possessed by Time, he preferred to wait for an opening, which only partially presented itself. In making his dash he appears to have treated the King's horse somewhat brusquely, although Weathervane was beaten at the time. In view of a recent instruction from the Stewards of the Jockey Club, the Kempton Park Stewards felt they must "carpet" the young enthusiast, and the outcome was that he was given the approved reprimand and caution for erratic riding.

I do not think this was a bad case at all and might well have been allowed to pass without the necessity of an enquiry extending over two days. No horse was prevented from winning by anything that took place, and if you are entirely to suppress initiative and dash you are going to have tameness among the jockeys that will lead to complaints of quite another kind. I could have wished that the Kempton Park Stewards had noticed more than one instance of jockeys showing what I took to be carefully considered lack of zeal. There was one very striking instance, but it was allowed to pass, and yet experienced observers were astonished by what they saw.

The King's trainer ran three horses at Kempton Park—Weathervane, Lady Feo and Erne. Their chances were esteemed in that order, or, perhaps, I should say that while the first two were expected to win, there were only the slenderest hopes where the two year old was concerned. He was merely started for a maiden race worth rather over £300 in the hope that he might pick up the stake. Weathervane was one of Time's victims, and Lady Feo so hates racing that she would not win anything in her present frame of mind. Yet I have no doubt that she shows Mr. Marsh something at home to encourage him to fancy her when the company is moderate and she is receiving weight, as was the case at this meeting. Erne was not bred by the King. His breeder was Mr. W. C. Carr, the colt being by White Eagle from Cascatel, by Marcovil out of Loyal Cheer, by Diamond Jubilee.

It is of some interest to mention here that the King will only have four yearlings to come into training this autumn. One could wish that there were three times the number or that it were possible for his manager, Major Fetherstonhaugh, to purchase another half dozen well bred ones between now and the end of October. It will, I know, interest many people to hear that Knight of the Garter did much to regain his reputation by the smoothness of his win the other day at Nottingham. It is possible that in being beaten at Goodwood at 15lb. by Halcyon, belonging to Lord Derby, he achieved far more than was realised at the time. I have since heard that Halcyon's trainer firmly believed that she would beat Knight of the Garter at the weights. Obviously, therefore, Lord Derby's filly must have been well tried before she went to Goodwood. Knight of the Garter may not be another Persimmon, but he is an extremely good looking individual and, after all, he has done things on the racecourse. I believe he will not be seen out again until the Middle Park Plate at Newmarket. May he meet with better fortune than did Drake, last year's winner. I notice that he is entered for the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, but he would rub up against Mumtaz Mahal there, and in that case I do not think the famous grey filly would be second were they to be the only two runners!

Lord Derby, who has been staying at Avions in France, would hear with much satisfaction that his three year old Moabite won the Royal Windsor Three Year Old Handicap under top weight last week end. The colours have met with many reverses this season, and it was particularly appropriate that Moabite should succeed on this occasion, as I have no doubt in my own mind that he should have been given the Liverpool Summer Cup on the objection for crossing against the winner, Sun Charmer. This was an occasion when most onlookers certainly did not

agree with the Stewards' decision, but then it was at the same place that there took place the very unpopular disqualification of Count Ross for the Liverpool Hurdle Race. Moabite won at Windsor notwithstanding that his jockey gave him a harder race than should have been the case. With perhaps only one exception he has had hard races this season, and yet no horse could have run in gamier fashion. He is by Phalaris from the mare Whitewash. Through Portlight he can be made out to be a better horse than Bold and Bad, now, by the way, Lord Astor's only representative in the St. Leger, Alec Taylor having found it impossible to go on with the Eclipse Stakes' winner, Saltash.

The racing world has clearly been much intrigued by the prospect of a match in New York for £25,000 between the best of the American three year olds and our Derby winner, Papyrus. At the time of writing there is every probability of such a match coming off on October 20th, and the owner of Papyrus has made up his mind that his good colt shall take the £20,000 and the gold cup, which will go to the winner, leaving £5,000 as a consolation prize for the owner of the loser. I have no idea what exactly the best of the American horses may be and how there can be any means of comparison with the best of ours. But I do feel that our best, nine times out of ten, should be better than America's best. I daresay the Americans are much interested in Papyrus because he is by Tracery, and Tracery won the St. Leger for the well known American owner, Mr. August Belmont, who has taken a prominent part in bringing about a settlement of the preliminary details of the proposed match. It will, of course, be of immense interest in a world-wide sense. The trainer of Papyrus tells me that the colt will compete for the St. Leger after being seen out at York next week, and that in the event of everything being finally settled he will be at once shipped for America.

Parth made many new friends for the St. Leger by the very fluent way in which he disposed of the four year old mare Leighton Tor over a mile at Redcar. The beaten mare, it is true, was giving 10lb., but then she has some excellent form to her name and, though greatly fancied to win, she was actually beaten by four lengths. It is quite evident, therefore, that there is still much life in the last of the season's classic races. Reports from Newmarket speak well of Mr. Anthony de Rothschild's colt Doric, quite a good fourth for the Derby; but while Papyrus keeps all right, why should Doric beat the Derby winner over an extra quarter of a mile? Ellangowan progresses, but he was beaten a long way in the Derby, and I did not hear of any convincing excuses being advanced on his behalf. Tranquil was recently sent to Wantage to complete her preparation. She would not settle down at Newmarket, and it is quite conceivable that the change will do her a lot of good. But here I must leave the subject of the St. Leger for the present and return to it in the very near future, for Doncaster is drawing near.

York's most interesting meeting opens next week. We shall see the best racing since Goodwood, and the Jockey Club would meet with general approval were they to extend the fixture to four days. The place is well worthy of it. The Gimcrack Stakes in recent years has a distinctly black record as regards the future of its winners. Scamp sadly deceived Lord Jersey after winning two years ago. The three year old career of last year's winner, Town Guard, scarcely bears thinking about. What of next week? So far as I can read into the race at present it looks very much as if it will be won for the Aga Khan by Diophon, for he is unbeaten, with the July Stakes, the Chesterfield Stakes and the Lavant Stakes to his credit. He will, of course, be fully penalised, but I really do not see where any positive danger is coming from. Sir Edward Hulton, who has won the race several times, has in Ducks and Drakes and Spalpeen. There are big possibilities about both of them, especially the former, but little has been heard of him of late.

Lord Derby can run Sansovino, winner of the Ham Stakes for him at Goodwood; Lord Glanely has in Grand Knight, he showed some form in the Spring; and Sir Abe Bailey, who won the race a few years ago with Southern, has Bucks Yeoman among his entry. There are lots of others, but it seems to me that the race is practically a gift for Diophon, with the possible exception of Purple Shade, the second-best two year old. It will be specially interesting to see Papyrus out for the Duke of York Stakes, in addition to Doric, due to compete for the Great Yorkshire Stakes. Both should win and what will be attractive will be to observe the style in which they accomplish their tasks in the event of success.

The North have great hopes of winning the Ebor Handicap on Wednesday with Carpathus, winner, in June, of the Northumberland Plate. He has climbed in the handicap since then, but, even so, we may grant that there is sound reason for the expectations entertained of him, as he struck us early in the year as having a lot of improvement in him. If Ceylonese is waiting to be handicapped for the Cesarewitch he may not be started here, and that would enhance the claims of Irish Belfry, and of her we have not seen the best this year. This is about her best distance, rather than two miles, and I suggest that either this mare or Little Marten, a fine stayer, trained in Ireland, may be good enough to win this popular handicap.

PHILIPPOS.

## THE ESTATE MARKET VACATION SALES

**L**ORD ORANMORE AND BROWNE has bought Mereworth Castle, near Maidstone, an estate associated from about 1870 until 1890 with the famous Mereworth Stud. The property was the subject of special illustrated articles in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. XLVII, pages 808, 876 and 912). Colin Campbell built Mereworth for John Fane about two hundred years ago, and has left on record a note that "This house was covered in Anno 1723, and nothing was wanting for Strength, Conveniency or Ornament." It is a copy of Palladio's villa, and Walpole, writing in 1752, says Mereworth is "so perfect in the Palladian taste that I must own it has recovered me a little from Gothic." The Castle was embellished by Bagutti, the stuccoist, called by Campbell "a most ingenious Artist." Hasted, historian of Kent, is one of many who have expressed the opinion that the site is worthy of the house. Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard and Messrs. H. and R. L. Cobb offered Mereworth Castle by auction last year.

Sir Arthur Lever, Bart., has purchased The Grange, near Knockholt Beeches, one of the highest points in Kent, a house some 700ft. above sea-level. Messrs. Curtis and Henson were agents for the vendor.

### DEMAND FOR SCOTTISH SPORTINGS.

**O**N the Penninghame estate, Wigtownshire, is the ivy-clad ruin of Castle Stewart. In the sixteenth century the estate belonged to the Kennedys and passed to the Stewarts in 1648. It was disposed of to William Douglas of Castle Douglas in 1783. In the nineteenth century Penninghame was absorbed in the vast estates of the Earls of Galloway. Mr. James Blair purchased the estate in 1825, and his descendants have instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer it by auction next month. Penninghame, 11,600 acres, is reputed one of the best sporting properties in the south of Scotland, having a capital grouse moor, besides salmon and trout fishing.

Oa and Cairnmore shootings in the Island of Islay, formerly belonging to Captain Iain Ramsay of Kildalton, were sold two years ago to a Lancashire purchaser, and last week Kildalton shootings, with the mansion, have been disposed of by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to another buyer from the North of England. Kildalton is one of the best woodcock and wildfowl shoots. The Laggan portion of these estates remains in Captain Ramsay's hands.

Darn Hall, in the valley of the Eddleston Water, has belonged to the Murray family for over four hundred years, the present owner being Viscount Elibank. The thickness of its walls and general architecture point to its being a Border tower of probably the fourteenth or fifteenth century. In 1513 John Murray followed James IV to Flodden and perished with him, and as early as 1369 Eddleston was a barony. The estate, in a pretty part of Peebles, now covers nearly 2,000 acres, and the Master of Elibank has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to find a purchaser.

Garvald, on the borders of Peebles-shire and Lanarkshire, is in Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley's hands for auction next month. It is twenty miles from Edinburgh, and includes 2,130 acres, residence and three farms, with good shooting and fishing.

Further realisations of real estate are to be made on behalf of the governors of Christ's Hospital, who have requested Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer Ferncourt Farm and building land at Horley next month. The firm has sold Hazeldene, Exmouth, and is to submit outlying portions of the Shortgrove estate, between Audley End and Newport, Essex, including building land on the main road to Cambridge, on behalf of Adele, Lady Meyer.

### KITEMORE SOLD.

**K**ITEMORE, the modern mansion in the Elizabethan style, in the Vale of the White Horse at Faringdon, has been privately sold by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. in conjunction with Messrs. Hobbs and Chambers, to a client of Messrs. Winkworth and Co. The estate of 1,700 acres came under the hammer locally last May, and most of the land changed hands, the area appearing in the particulars of sale as attached to the house being 180 acres.

In July Messrs. Fox and Sons sold properties for £114,650. More than half of that total is accounted for by the sale of building land, for which there has been a great demand. At the last six auctions of building estates conducted by the firm every lot has been sold.

Hampshire transactions by Messrs. James Harris and Son include Meon House, Meonstoke, 58 acres; Hazelholt Park, Bishop's Waltham, a sporting and residential estate, a picturesque old-fashioned residence, with park and woodlands of 125 acres; as well as Merryfield, St. Cross, Winchester, a modern residence (in conjunction with Messrs. Gudgeon and Sons).

A correspondent says that Sir Rupert Clark has bought the Brockwood Park estate, Alresford, recently submitted to auction by Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard and Messrs. Cobb.

Oakfield, a stone gabled house at Aston-on-Clun, with grounds which contain a small lake, and the farm and woodlands, comprising the Hopesay estate, near Craven Arms, Shropshire, have changed hands in private treaty through Messrs. Duncan B. Gray and Partners. The Tudor House, Higham, in that part of the Essex and Suffolk border known as "Constable's country," a fine specimen of old timbering, and Orange Hill Farm, Edgware, the latter to a client of Mr. Thos. G. Golby, have been sold by Messrs. Norfolk and Prior.

### COAST AND INLAND PROPERTIES.

**S**IR THOMAS HORDER has placed his little Norfolk property of 3 acres, The Gables, Hensby, in the hands of Messrs. Harrods, Limited, for immediate realisation at a merely nominal sum, as he requires a country house near London. The Gables, a modern house with three reception and five or six bedrooms, is a few minutes' walk from the station and the sea, seven miles from Yarmouth. The freehold is laid out tastefully, with gardens and a tennis lawn, and kitchen garden and fruit trees. The price is £2,200, or, with furniture, a small additional sum. The Breads are within easy reach. There is a garage with chauffeur's quarters in the grounds. It is hardly likely to be left long enough to come under the hammer on September 11th at Brompton Road. In the list on the same occasion are to be Poundfields, Woking, 5 acres; The Dial House, Milford, Hampshire; and Orchards, near Chelmsford, 7 acres.

The Cotswold freehold, North Farmcote, 415 acres, a stone house 800ft. above sea-level, near Winchcombe and Toddington stations, a few miles from Cheltenham, is for sale by Messrs. Harrods, Limited, at Brompton Road on September 11th. The vendor is Captain W. Hutchings, who played in the Worcester Eleven and before that for Berkshire and Kent, having been one of three brothers who were together in the Tonbridge School Eleven.

Another Gloucestershire estate for sale is Driffeld, on the main road to Cricklade, four miles from Cirencester. The total area is 1,122 acres, and possession of 621 acres may be had at once. Mr. C. W. R. Ward has instructed Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co. to offer the estate at Cirencester on September 3rd, as a whole or otherwise. The land is of high agricultural value and there is a large area of water meadows. The Manor Farm has an old Cotswold house. A couple of miles of trout fishing in the Ampney Brook, plenty of hares and partridges, and hunting with the V.W.H., which meets on or near the estate, are good points of the property.

Lady Van Notten Pole has, through Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock, effected the sale of two more farms on the Todenham estate, near Moreton-in-Marsh: Dunsden, Todenham, of 133 acres, and Phillips', 93 acres. The firm has sold, by private treaty, Westlands Farm, Ewhurst, Surrey, which was recently withdrawn at auction at £4,000. This is a residential place with a poultry farm, the total area being 15 acres.

Yet another sale in the Colwall neighbourhood, near Malvern, is notified by Messrs. Parsons, Clark and Bodin of a modern house and 98 acres.

Riverside residences sold by Messrs. Dudley W. Harris and Co. include, following auction, The Priory, Laleham-on-Thames, an old-fashioned freehold; also five smaller houses at Staines, St. Margarets and Sunninghill for a total of nearly £4,000. Sales by

Messrs. Goodman and Mann include The Warren and another one, known as Cheshunt, which were lately under the hammer; Allendale, Sunnymead, and other houses below Teddington Lock.

The Old Man (Alt Maen, or high hill) and its neighbour, Wetherlam, as well as Crinkle Crag, Oxen Fell and Langdale Pikes, are all visible from a small Lakeland house now in the market, known as Neaum Crag, and in the middle distance of the picture the Brathay is seen winding into the Elterwater Tarn. The vendor is Mr. F. E. T. Jones-Balme, and for forty years Neaum Crag was the home of one of Ruskin's intimates, the late Albert Fleming. The freehold of 18 acres will be submitted in one or two lots, at Ambleside on August 27th, by Messrs. Mason and Freeman, the local agents at Ambleside. Neaum Crag is at Skelwith Bridge.

A salmon hatchery that has turned out over 70,000 fry into the Usk, and trout and salmon fishing for 1,500yds. along that river, go with Gliffaes, a substantial modern house, a property of about 100 acres, for sale privately, or to be let for a year with option of purchase, by Messrs. Drivers, Jonas and Co. The Usk valley for six miles to the Sugar Loaf Mountain is commanded from the east front of Gliffaes. The grounds are of great beauty and noted for the rock garden in a hollow on the western front of the house, which is seven miles from Crickhowell.

### COMBE ABBEY AUCTIONS.

**Y**ESTERDAY at Coventry the auction of 166 lots of the Combe Abbey estate was continued by Messrs. Winterton and Sons in conjunction with Mr. Edgar Whittindale. Many of the farms were sold to the tenants before the first session of the auction last week, and other tenants secured their holdings at approximately £40 an acre. Craven Arms Hotel was acquired at £10,550 by a firm of brewers. The present vendor of the estate is Mr. John Todd of Northallerton, and for three centuries the estate belonged to the Earls of Craven. It was illustrated and described in special articles in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. XXVI, pages 794 and 840).

The total realised at the first of the two auctions amounted to £110,000, the Abbey proper, with park and lake, and fifty or sixty other lots, being dealt with yesterday. Mr. Winterton stated that Binley Vicarage had been acquired for the Church, with the generous assistance of the Dowager Lady Craven and the present vendor. Some of the building land made £100 an acre and well over that figure.

### HALLINGBURY PLACE.

**H**ALLINGBURY PLACE, Bishop's Stortford—the historic home of the Houlbonds and others, and greatly improved, as regards the gardens, in recent years, by the late Mrs. Lockett Agnew—is, we are informed by Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard and Messrs. H. and R. L. Cobb, to be submitted to auction, at an early date, by them in conjunction with Messrs. Strutt and Parker.

The mansion has just about a square mile of land appurtenant to it, the area of the whole estate being, roundly, 3,000 acres. It is a good sporting property, and has plenty of excellent agricultural land in both large and small holdings. A long reference to the property was published in the Estate Market page of *COUNTRY LIFE* on May 19th last, and special articles about the estate appeared on September 19th, 1914 (page 390), and October 4th, 1919 (page 440). Hallingbury Place was rebuilt in 1771-73. Very interesting allusions to the Houlbond family will be found in Pepys' Diary.

Acting on behalf of the Automobile Association, Messrs. Collins and Collins have negotiated the purchases of the freehold of Fanum House and adjoining premises, embracing the frontage to New Coventry Street from Leicester Square to Whitcomb Street. A building is to be erected on the site as the headquarters of the Automobile Association.

Drogheda stockyards, an abattoir and other premises, and two steamships are to be sold in connection with the Irish Packing Company, Limited. The auction is to be at Messrs. James H. North and Co.'s office in Dublin on September 18th by Messrs. Ellis and Sons, the Manchester firm acting for the receiver. ARBITER.